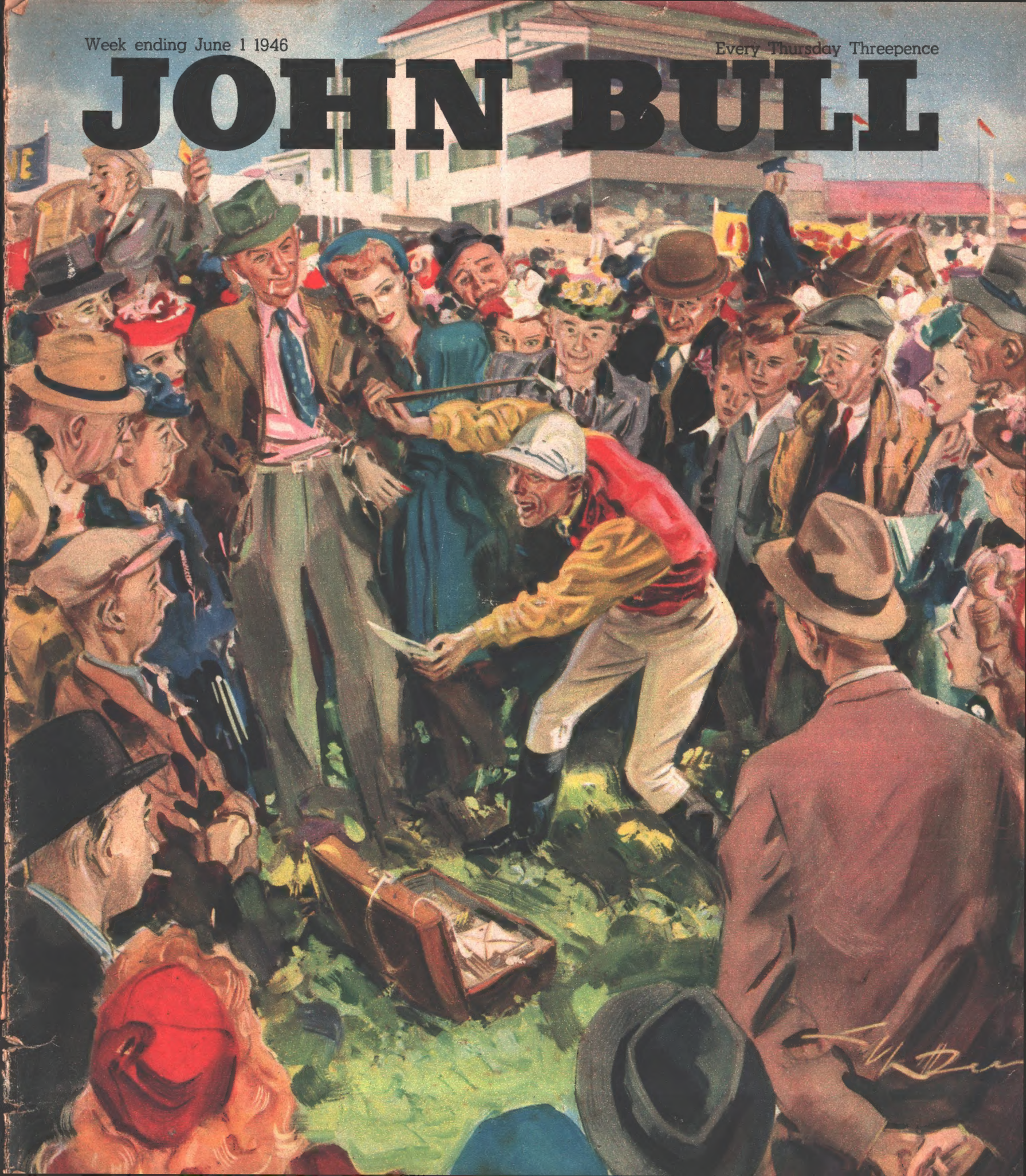
Week ending June 1 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



CHANGE TO

COLGATE

Brushless SHAVE CREAM

FOR QUICKER SMOOTHER COOLER SHAVES

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off — like lightning without sting or burn! 2/6 Including Tax

HARDER TO GET NOW—BUT WORTH IT WHEN YOU DO

RADIO RENTALS

*Deliveries of our new post-war models now arriving! Priority waiting list in operation at each of our 80 branches. Get your Priority Certificate at our nearest branch.**

* See Telephone Directory for local address.

Unparalleled SERVICE

Maintenance and Service completely FREE!

All Valves replaced completely FREE!

A Small Rental Covers EVERYTHING!

Make sure you RENT as soon as conditions permit—

Opening rentals less than 3/- per week —reducing after 6 months.

Radio Rentals Ltd. (The World's Largest Radio Renting Organisation), 92 Regent Street, London, W.1. 80 Branches throughout the country.

HOW TO BE LUCKY IN LOVE

Why is one girl ignored—another admired? The secret so often lies in a complexion of *natural* beauty. This loveliness can be *yours* — thanks to Mousse of Cream, the amazing patented ingredient contained only in Poudre Tokalon. It hides tiny blemishes, giving you a new radiant beauty which stays fresh and matt for hours.

In five heart-disturbing shades Rose Peach, Rachel, Peach, Brunette and Natural.

Poudre TOKALON

FOR LONGER-LASTING LOVELINESS

"WHICH FOODS DO WHAT?"—No. 4

Some of our ordinary everyday foods are so extra rich in one or more of the health-protecting vitamins and minerals, that they are the star turns on the menu of every woman who wants to keep her family fit. As a busy housewife, you may find it too much of a good thing to remember details of all the foods and an alphabet of vitamins. So here is a simple guide. Follow it, and you can be sure that you're giving everyone a share of the foods they need for vim and vigour.

star turns

Have these foods in some form every day

1 See that everyone has his or her full allowance of milk. Don't put the children's milk in the family teacups; at the same time, take *your* fair share.

2 Give a serving of potatoes and two servings of other vegetables; one green leafy one correctly cooked, and one yellow or red one (for instance, carrots, swedes, tomatoes — beetroot doesn't count, protectively speaking, though it adds something in flavour and appearance). *Also some raw salad.*

3 Include 4 to 6 slices of bread and butter or margarine. This amount is for health protection. Bread and jam or paste doesn't do *instead* but is tasty and useful for additional filling-up purposes.

4 Have a serving of meat or fish (fresh or canned) or cheese or a cheese dish. Sometimes help out with pulses (dried peas, beans or lentils).

Join the crusade against waste of Bread.
We must not waste while others want.

MF

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S143)

Clean your Paintwork WITH SCRUBB'S PAINT AND ENAMEL CLEANER

By Appointment as Suppliers of Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia

For all Paintwork, including Varnished, Enamelled and Lacquered Surfaces. Simple, quick, thorough.

PER BOTTLE 1/3

"Let me aid your DIGESTION"

says Mr. VITALITY

Simpkins Vitalised Stomach Powder contains the vital necessities for successful digestion —enzymes, diastase, and papain. 35 international units of vitamin B1 in each teaspoonful. From qualified chemists only. 1/8 per carton, including purchase tax.

all-day energy

Simpkins

VITALISED STOMACH POWDER

BOTTLES *are half the* BATTLE!

The continuing bottle shortage will seriously affect the distribution of soft drinks in the coming months unless all empty S.D.I. bottles—mineral and squash—are returned. Bottles are half the battle. **Return them promptly.** S·D·I

Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor St., London, W.1 CVS-47

Ronuk Polishes

Milestones and Millstones..

Just as pain is a 'millstone round the neck' of the sufferer so 'ANADIN' marks —but in a happier sense—a "milestone' of progress in the constant research for a *safe and effective* pain-reliever. With restricted output, the problem of meeting the rapidly growing demand for 'ANADIN' is our particular 'millstone'! We are doing our utmost to increase supplies to your local chemist—and to you.

1/5 & 2/10 *(Inc. Tax)*

ANADIN TABLETS

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

upstairs

It's such a comfort to be able to *switch on* warmth in any part of the house—just wherever and whenever you need it. That's one reason for buying a Graham-Farish portable electric fire. Another reason is that Graham-Farish fires are made by skilled electrical engineers who set their standards high. Another is price: the model shown here costs 27/6.

GRAHAM-FARISH PORTABLE ELECTRIC FIRES

Graham-Farish Limited, Bromley, Kent. Branches at Bristol and Manchester.

downstairs

THESE TWO LITTLE BIRDS think it very unkind that Farrow's should come, and, before they have dined, take all the best peas and the ripe juicy plums, and leave them to beg for the stalest bread crumbs. But there, it is true, as they know in the nest, the peas canned by Farrow's are picked from the best.

FARROW'S
FOR CHOICE
English Canned Fruits and Vegetables

2 POINTS WORTH REMEMBERING

NICER because they're malted

BETTER for you because they're wheat

QUAKER *Malted* WHEAT FLAKES

Crisp — Crunchy — Digestible

2 POINTS .... 10 HELPINGS .... 5½D. A PACKET

W.F.35B

His mummy uses 'ACDO'

Sound, refreshing sleep is essential to baby's welfare, and discriminating mothers therefore wash all baby's clothes and intimate little garments, with 'ACDO,' for in addition to washing them snowy white, without scrubbing or rubbing, it leaves them velvety soft.

In consequence they cannot irritate his tender skin, and make him restless and wakeful.

'ACDO' is equally good for washing the grimiest clothes. It saves fuel, and soap as well.

TRY IT, too, for renovating carpets and upholstery.

You get TWO pkts. 7d. pkts. of 'ACDO' for 1 RATION —enough to do the washing of a family of normal size for one month.

Wash with ACDO
REGD. THE GUARANTEED SELF-WASHER

Get 'ACDO' from your GROCER, OILMAN, or STORES

ASHLEY DYE & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

Phillips' Texture and Cleansing Creams containing 'Milk of Magnesia' refine and beautify the skin. Limited supplies are available.

PHILLIPS' *Magnesia* CREAMS

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

CRUNCHY HONEYCOMB CENTRES

WE'RE ALL FOR MALTESERS!

DELIGHTFUL MALTY FLAVOUR

MOUTH-WATERING BUBBLES

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE COATING

MARS CONFECTIONS LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH—
So the CALL is for

GILBEY'S GIN

In Everyone's Mouth!

"Walters' Palm" TOFFEE

THERE'S ALWAYS A SPRING IN HIS STEP!

That's because *Kellogg's* ALL-BRAN keeps him fit—he eats it regularly for breakfast

3 points a packet, price 7½d.

BAND-AID

This is the vital part

The handy self-fixing bandage that is **surgically safe**

The vital part is the dressing that *actually touches the wound*. That is why people choose Band-Aid, made by Johnson & Johnson, famous in the hospital world for the hygienic safety of their bandages and dressings. This handy bandage *stretches*—so it stays in position even on a knuckle joint.

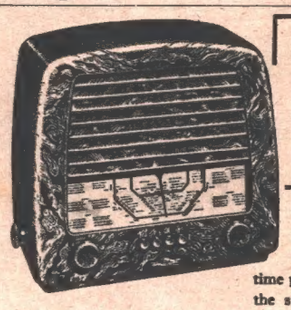
Made by Johnson & Johnson *In pocket tins 6d. and 1/-*

FAMOUS FOR JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER, SURGICAL DRESSINGS, BANDAGES, ETC.

DRUMMER DYES

Still lead the way for successful home dyeing

EDGES, BOLTON D3



NOW IN PRODUCTION!

G.E.C. ALL-WAVE RADIO

THIS 5-VALVE ALL-WAVE SUPERHET receiver is the first of the G.E.C. peacetime productions . . . an entirely new set, bearing the stamp of G.E.C. quality and housed in a handsome plastic cabinet. Supplies at the moment are limited but every effort is being made to increase production. Available in both AC and AC/DC versions.

G.E.C. RADIO & TELEVISION

AC MODEL. Price £14.14 (*plus £3.3.3 purchase tax*)
AC/DC MODEL. Price £15.10 (*plus £3.6.8 purchase tax*)

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Ah!

BISTO

FOR SOUPS AND CASSEROLES

Bring out the flavour with COLMAN'S MUSTARD

"Things are beginning to look up a bit . . ."

"OH, I could *scream*!" exploded the girl in green. "All these marvellous things in the magazines and papers, and most of them we've still got to 'look forward to'!"

"Well, dear," said her married friend, soothingly, "things are *already* beginning to look up a bit — I got myself a lovely new electric kettle only yesterday. And Joe's put our name down at the Electric Showrooms for one of their new cookers too."

"Going electric?"

"We *are*," said the married friend, "if you've got to wait you might as well wait for something worth waiting for."

The girl in green nodded.

"Yes," she agreed, musingly, "you're certainly right there . . ."

ELECTRICITY? *Wonderful thing!*

BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, 2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C.2

FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD

POWDER

Makes delicious creamy custard

STERLING BRITISH BREAKFAST

NOT for us the buckwheat cakes or grapefruit of financially more favoured climes. But we've still got Rose's Lime Marmalade. The limes grow in the Empire, but the subtle tang is unmatched throughout the world. Yet Rose's costs no more than any other fine marmalade. You get it on your jam ration.

Rose's LIME MARMALADE

THE DIFFERENCE IS DELIGHTFUL

SOLO

MEANS *REAL* ORANGE JUICE

You'll see it again soon!

BUY BOTTLED VINEGAR

BUY CHAMPION'S

THE BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them . . ."

POOR SHEEP! They've no urgent reason to hurry. But Bo-Peep has—and will certainly arrive home long before her charges! Why? Well, didn't Mother promise her Weetabix and honey for tea? Seriously, all children relish Weetabix for its delicious nutty flavour, and Mother knows how *good* it is for them. Try it, with milk, butter, jam or honey—*and* at any time of the day.

Prices: 7½d. (2 points).
Large Size 1/1d. (4 points)
Sold everywhere; supplies limited

Weetabix
MORE than a Breakfast Food

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. W15

RATIONS—

AN IDEA WORTH TRYING

6 Large platefuls for only 6d.

This week, start main meals with plates of piping hot, thick, appetising Symington's Soup. Then follow up with smaller than usual portions of rationed foods. The family will be more satisfied — yet your rationed foods last out longer. Prove it!

Start with SYMINGTON'S *thick* SOUPS

2½d. packet serves 2

W. Symington & Co. Ltd., Market Harborough

GRAHAM FARISH

SNAP VACUUM SEAL CLOSURES

Bottle Fruit Perfectly—Simply!

IN JAM JARS

The fruit-bottling season has started. See that your store cupboard is full of fruit bottled the Graham Farish way . . . in jam jars with Snap Vacuum Closures . . . to ensure a plentiful supply of health-giving dishes next winter.

2/6 Plus 8d. purchase tax per carton of 12 1-lb. or 2-lb. size. Obtainable everywhere.

GRAHAM FARISH LTD.
BROMLEY & STAPLEHURST, KENT
Bristol: Perry Rd. Manchester: 9 South King St.

JOHN BULL June 1 1946 Vol 79 No 2085 186 High Holborn WC1 Tel: Temple Bar 2468

BETTING TAX PROSPECTS

Cutting in on the B.B.C. • Education Moves Forward
"Uncle" Frank at Home • Forestry in Scotland
Colourful Jinnah • New Television Announcer

HUGH DALTON'S almost casual remark that he has not lost sight of the possibility of imposing a betting tax in some form is causing speculation among bookmakers and backers everywhere.

They are afraid that the Chancellor really means business. And not without reason.

Already, the Exchequer is benefiting from the unequalled post-war boom at racecourses and dog tracks all over the country, which are attracting crowds three or four times the comfortable capacity of the enclosures.

Entertainment tax gets nearly one-third of the gate money, and there is no doubt a heavier yield of income tax from course and starting-price office bookmakers.

Untaxed "Windfalls"

But the Chancellor's eye is thoughtfully fixed on the very large sums of ready money going straight into the pockets of successful backers and escaping taxation (ordinary backers' winnings are at present held to be "windfalls" and therefore not returnable for income tax).

The difficulty is to devise a simple, efficient and unobjectionable way of enforcing a tax on these winnings.

The easiest method would be to abolish both course and office credit bookmaking, and establish a totalisator monopoly, under State control. But experiments of this kind have had undesirable consequences in every country where they have been tried. Wherever bookmaking has been made illegal, it has gone underground.

Churchill's Example

Dalton is most unlikely to follow so ill-starred a precedent. And he will certainly be wary of copying the mechanics of the short-lived two and a half per cent tax on betting winnings invented twenty years ago by Winston Churchill.

Under the Churchill scheme, cash and credit bookmakers were required to deduct the tax when settling with their clients.

But the procedure was clumsy and wide open to abuse, and any gain was offset by the cost of a corps of enforcement officers and inspectors.

One Way of Doing It

One interesting proposal for an evasion-proof and easily and cheaply collected tax on backers' winnings, as distinct from direct taxation on bookmakers' profits, is under consideration at the Treasury.

If feasible, it would mean virtually the introduction of a special betting currency.

Briefly, the scheme would require course and office bookmakers to pay out all winnings to their clients in vouchers varying in denomination from two shillings to perhaps £20. These vouchers would be designed to defeat forgery and would be obtainable only by registered bookmakers and post offices.

Tax would be deducted when the vouchers were redeemed by successful backers.

Radio Pirates

THE B.B.C. IS THREATENED with commercial competition on an unprecedented scale.

No less than seven corporations registered in the United States are believed to be planning broadcast services to this country from suitable Continental countries.

These projects are not likely to have the approval of the American Government. Two months ago, President Truman quietly scotched an ambitious plan by a radio corporation in the States to broadcast commercially-sponsored programmes to Britain either from a station on a ship moored off Ireland or from Iceland. The White House merely had an informal message of displeasure conveyed to the promoters and the plan was eventually dropped.

Object—Advertisement

But other sponsors, at least as ambitious and possibly less susceptible to Presidential disapproval, are carrying on with their schemes. Although they may come up against opposition from the governments of the countries in which they plan to locate their transmitting stations, as well as from Anglo-American interests, it is unlikely that they will all be dissuaded.

Their chief object is not to provide free entertainment for British listeners—much as we might like to believe it—but to sell over the British air the products of the big advertisers behind them.

Gift to Young Britain

A REMARKABLE LACK OF FUSS attended the launching of the Ministry of Education's admirable scheme for the extension of scholarships and the reform of school examinations.

For the first time in our history, boys and girls of ability will be able, as a result of this scheme, not only to obtain scholarships with relative ease, but to attend the universities without fear of financial hardship, however limited their parents' incomes may be.

This is a tremendous step forward. It is Ellen Wilkinson's contribution to the new Britain—and a momentous one at that. Yet it was announced very quietly and unobtrusively.

The whole thing is typical of the way in which great social reforms are now treated almost as a matter of course!

Berkeley Square Dove

IN BERKELEY SQUARE there is an elegant old house where Clive of India used to live. We wonder what that gifted opportunist would have thought of its present occupant, Dr. Frank Buchman, leader of the Oxford Group.

As the Mahatma of Moral Re-Armament, the doctor is at once the most successful and the most criticized evangelist in the world today. He was recently called in Parliament a "soapy racketeer"—but there are thousands of his disciples who will tell you he is a God-sent saviour of humanity.

We went along to see him, and found no fiery prophet but a sad-voiced friendly American of sixty-seven—anybody's "Uncle" Frank, you might think. He talked in kind terms even of his enemies. It is, in fact, a dove not a nightingale which sings in Berkeley Square today.

Can it be that "Uncle" Frank Buchman is now eager to jump on the Labour band-wagon?

Hitler and Himmler

In a flower-filled drawing room, we persuaded Frank, as everybody seems to call him, to explain the praise he is supposed to have uttered about Hitler and Himmler before the war.

"I was misquoted," he said. "And when I said that Himmler was a great guy, I meant that, in his powerful position, he was a great guy to get to work on—to convert."

Pressed, he added: "Well, at the time I did think that Hitler was doing *some* good work."

Pennies from Heaven

We asked next where all the money came from. Who paid for all the recent passages on the *Queen Mary*, for the handsome headquarters, for the production of all the group dramas with which he hopes to create the team-spirit in British industry?

"It just comes naturally," he said, a little surprised that we could not see how easy it all was. "Where God guides, He provides. We never appeal for funds."

The object of Dr. Buchman's present campaign, it seems, is to bring "new inspiration" into organized Labour here. "Labour led by God can lead the world," he told us, with his knack of speaking in slogans.

Can it be that "Uncle" Frank is eager to jump on the Labour band-wagon now that it is going places?

More Babies: Less Room

FORTY THOUSAND more babies are expected in Britain by the end of this second quarter than were born during the first three months of the year.

Mr. Bevan has appealed to local authorities to do their utmost to provide hospital accommodation and so ensure the welfare of the mothers. The authorities will certainly do their best, but it won't be an easy task.

There are actually two distinct problems; first, the shortage of beds, and secondly the lack of staff; doctors, midwives and domestic workers.

The strain on hospitals is increasing because many young mothers living with their "in-laws" or in rented rooms are

BUILDING A NEW MORALITY: by the Editor

FUTURE GENERATIONS may class as barbaric the conditions in British prisons in the first half of the twentieth century. Indeed, although our penal system has come a long way in the hundred years since a man could be hanged for stealing a sheep, it has not yet received that enlightenment which could contribute towards the prevention of crime.

It is good news, therefore, that Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, is contemplating large-scale prison reforms and that these will be incorporated in a Bill to be put before Parliament later this year.

What are his proposals? Corporal punishment and penal servitude, which do much to degrade the human soul and nothing to establish decency in it, are to be abolished.

The ticket-of-leave system, which brands the ex-convict and hinders his return to the paths of normal citizenship, is also to go.

A new approach to the whole question of crime and punishment is envisaged. Indeed, the prison of the future will not be so much a place where wrongdoers expiate their misdeeds. It will be a school for citizenship.

Past experience has shown all too clearly that crime is increased by grouping young and impressionable offenders with "old lags." The different categories should be kept well apart—the youngsters for remedial training and the old hands for cure.

Is it too much to hope that the Home Secretary's proposals herald the day when the grey ugliness of massive stone walls and iron bars—visible symbols of the old way of punishment—will be torn down? Can we not let the sun into our jails and, with it, brightness and hope for those who have sinned against society?

Let us replace the warder and the turnkey with the doctor and the teacher. The idea is not fantastic and it will pay big dividends.

These proposed reforms are an indication that Britain at least is striving to build a new morality on the grave of the bad old world.

unable to have their babies at home.

Some local authorities have been requisitioning suitable property in their districts to ease the accommodation problem. But staffing is still a matter of great difficulty. It is to be hoped that the first contingents of foreign domestic workers to arrive from abroad will be allocated to the hospitals.

Active Retirement

SELDOM HAS ANY POLITICIAN enjoyed such an active retirement as Tom Johnston, the former Secretary of State for Scotland.

Many thought that his resolute refusal to continue as a Parliamentary candidate would mean his disappearance from the political arena. This has not proved to be the case.

Mr. Johnston is at present chairman of three important public bodies, the North of Scotland Hydro Electric Board, the Scottish Tourist Board and the Scottish Committee of the Forestry Commissioners. In each he is able to exert an influence which should prove valuable to post-war Scotland.

Forestry Hopes

He has already spoken of various plans for Highland holidays, especially with a view to earning more dollars by catering for transatlantic visitors.

Another of Mr. Johnston's great hopes is to establish forestry as one of Scotland's main industries. In his latest pronouncement in the Highlands he has appealed to the population to become "forest-minded."

He hopes that in fifty years' time, as many as 125,000 workers will be employed, directly or indirectly in the forestry service, a larger total than in agriculture or coal mining.

Technicolor Jinnah

HAUGHTY MAHOMET ALI JINNAH, leading player in the present Indian drama, looks rather like the late George Arliss—even to the monocle.

In other ways, too, he reminds those who meet him of Hollywood. His silver-grey suits, the purple silk of his ties, socks and handkerchiefs, his palatial marble home in Bombay—they would all look most impressive in Technicolor.

Such Western luxury is scorned by the more devout Moslems among the ninety million for whom Jinnah claims to speak. Why, they say, this frivolous renegade even eats heartily during the sacred fast of Ramadhan! They would not follow him far.

Congress Days

Some of them with long memories even recall what does not seem to be known here—that Jinnah was once a member of the predominantly-Hindu Congress Party and consorted with Gandhi, leader of all the Hindus.

That was nearly twenty years ago. In the early 'thirties, disgusted with Indian politics, he came to England.

He might even have been a Labour M.P. today if the members of a Yorkshire selection committee had not decided that the wealthy Indian lawyer with the smart suits was "too much of a toff" for them.

New Television Star

IF A FRIEND OF McDonald Hobley, former chief announcer of Radio SEAC, the Forces' radio station in Ceylon, had not, unknown to Hobley, sent to the B.B.C. an application on his behalf, he would never been chosen for the coveted job of television announcer.

Captain Hobley was travelling home after six and a half years in the Army, of which four years were spent in the Far East, when the application was posted to the B.B.C. and on his arrival in England he was invited to an audition at Alexandra Palace.

THE SLEEPER AWAKES

After passing a series of gruelling tests in the television studio, including having to give an impromptu version of "Cinderella," he was chosen for the post from one hundred and eighteen male applicants.

Acted in Repertory

The son of the Rev. C. M. Hobley, of St. Andrew's, Hove, he was educated at Brighton College and soon after leaving school took up acting with the Brighton Repertory Company and toured the country in many plays under the name of Robert Blanchard.

The qualities necessary for a television announcer include being photogenic (features and expression suitable for the exacting television camera) and having the ability to improvise if anything should go wrong.

McDonald Hobley is tall, fair and blue-eyed, and will team up with Jasmine Bligh and actress Winifred Shotter, the other two announcers at the Alexandra Palace.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS
£700,000

This is the colossal sum which has already been exceeded by payments under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Great Clydesider

M.P.S OF ALL PARTIES are distressed at grave news about the health of Jimmy Maxton.

Maxton of the long hair, the lovely deep-toned voice, and burning belief in Socialism as he and his handful of I.L.P. colleagues interpreted it, is more than an M.P.—he is an institution.

He is one of those rare and lovable characters who combine unquestionable sincerity with great personal charm.

As this is written, friends say that Maxton may not be seen in Parliament again. He has been very ill for a considerable time, but his appearance in the House towards the end of last year, gave greater hope.

End of I.L.P.?

Without Maxton in Parliament it is likely the two other Independent Labour Party Members, Campbell Stephen and John McGovern, who complete a respected trio, would seek admission to the Parliamentary Labour Party, thus returning to the official fold they left fifteen years ago.

Many times, since the election of the Labour Government, Labour Party M.P.s have urged Maxton to join them. He declined, but always in the most friendly way.

To one young Labour Member he said: "Anyway, you don't want old boys like me—you've still got one or two too many as it is!"

Democracy at the Palace

ORDINARY PEOPLE, instead of diplomats, politicians, statesmen and other notabilities, will be the guests at next week's Buckingham Palace garden party.

The first post-war garden party since 1939 will be held at the Palace next Thursday, and on this occasion, the 7,000 guests will be National Savings collectors from all parts of the country, who have been elected by their districts for the honour.

Two other Royal garden parties will be held this summer, on July 9 and July 16, when the guests will be the usual notables. But the War Savings workers come first.

More Rent Tribunals

ALTHOUGH MANY LOCAL AUTHORITIES are reluctant to take action, it is now anticipated that more than a hundred local councils will set up rent tribunals to hear complaints from tenants about excessive rents charged for furnished houses and flats. These "Rent Courts" will have the power to reduce rents which are considered excessive.

As a means of settling disputes between landlords and aggrieved tenants, these tribunals should do valuable work in securing fair play for both sides.

Car "Inflation"

ONE OF THE GREATEST RAMPS which swept war-time Britain was in the second-hand car market. And it seems that the new models coming off the assembly lines are only making the racket more profitable.

Many dealers in search of new models have their names down with agents in several towns. When the cars arrive they run them for a few hundred miles and then sell them at a handsome profit. This in turn forces up the price of older second-hand models.

The idea of restricting second-hand prices to a figure not exceeding the list price when new, has been suggested in Parliament, but the Minister of Transport believes it would be too difficult to make this effective.

The only solution lies in an abundance of cars, but meantime couldn't manufacturers institute a system of rationing whereby an individual could secure only one new car? It would not be easy to enforce, but it might help.

Charm School

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED to appoint a radio officer to coach Government speakers in their microphone technique. Radio speaking, it is said with perfect truth, calls for a style and sense of diction quite unlike that needed in addressing a meeting. Tricks of oratory successful in platform battles have to be modified for the gentler arts of broadcasting.

Still, we hope the new policy doesn't mean ironing out honest-to-goodness working-class accents into the mushy, neutral tones of radio tradition. While we agree that the cap and scarf at Buckingham Palace is an outworn symbol, we feel that a plain accent and colloquial style is a permitted part of a man's personality.

Derby Tipster

GILBERT WILKINSON'S second JOHN BULL cover is a characteristic piece of artistic observation—the typical Derby crowd; the tipster in jockey's kit offering them the winner at a bargain price; the background of stands on Epsom Downs. It is exactly the kind of scene you will see next week, if you are lucky enough to be there—although Wilkinson painted it from memory. We think his memory is pretty good, after those war years without a Derby.

A PRINCESS GOES TO WORK

Destined to ascend the British throne, a normal and unspoiled girl—Princess Elizabeth—has already started a busy life in the interests of the Nation

by GORDON BECKLES

Princess Elizabeth inspects a Grenadier company at the Guards' Depot, Caterham

PRINCESS ELIZABETH has been making an almost daily appearance in our newspapers for many months past.

She launches a warship, she visits a circus, she inspects a regiment, she dances at a restaurant, she attends a first night, she goes to a factory, she pays a call upon Ireland all on her own.

Many who read of these incessant activities find it difficult to fit them into the scheme of things in this changing Britain.

Yet there is a pattern behind all this pageantry even if its significance is apt to be obscured.

Here is a young girl, still under twenty-one, training for a career upon the success of which much of the social idealism of this country and Commonwealth may one day depend. Some people fear that so much excitement and adulation at so tender an age may spoil her; others answer that she is being safeguarded from what was once said of another sovereign: "a dangerous draught of royalty ever going to her head."

A whole generation has risen since these issues were last debated. How important that one should get firmly into one's head just what monarchy has come to mean in a world in which Britain remains not the least balanced and clear-thinking nation!

In a republic, sovereignty resides in the community; in Great Britain it rests in the person of the monarch. His duties might be summed-up under four heads.

1. A king is a repository for the high secrets of statesmanship. General Eisenhower was astonished at the extent of the present king's knowledge of every detail of the D-Day plans and the strategic background of the war; he had been kept in daily touch with all the Whitehall heads.

Given reasonable judgment and intelligence, a sovereign can thus become in time a valuable adviser to his ministers, and help to preserve continuity. He can say, in a talk with his Prime Minister: "Do you think it altogether safe? I remember Mr. Asquith (or Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Chamberlain) telling me that when he made a similar move . . ."

George V was able, in the financial crisis of 1931, to give advice to Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald that led to the formation of the National Government. His role was that of elder statesman, whatever view history may take of that particular piece of advice.

In theory, Elizabeth, as Queen, will "send for" a new Prime Minister. In practice, of course, the retiring Prime Minister either suggests his successor or a group of the leaders of the opposition party give the monarch the name of the man their "shadow cabinet" has already chosen.

Yet much still depends on the character and experience of the person on the throne. It was scarcely for nothing that great statesmen trembled at the acuteness and will-power of the Victoria whose reign spanned the greater part of the last century.

There has been no change in our internal constitution since Victoria's day.

2. A monarch, by the standard of his or her personal life, can set a standard for a nation's family life. A careless sovereign at the top can easily result in a lowered public morality; as Queen Victoria learned in her history books, and Princess Elizabeth has learned in hers under the tutelage of the Provost of Eton.

3. The monarch becomes the head of the Church of England.

In one sense, he is both king and priest, being anointed at the Coronation.

This factor in the immediate future facing Edward VIII was one of the determining causes of the crisis that led to his abdication. Many in 1936 had forgotten just what coronation implies.

As the Church of England becomes more catholic—in the sense of growing more liberal—it may well play a bigger part in our history than ever before.

4. The monarch is now the visible link which binds the British Empire together under the Act of Westminster which gave freedom to the Dominions.

Elizabeth will, by the Grace of God, be one day Queen of Great Britain; but equally — and separately—she will be Queen of Canada, Queen of Australia, Queen of New Zealand and every Dominion.

Her face will appear on their stamps, her profile upon their coinage; her initials will give the formal Royal Assent to their Acts of Parliament.

In a world tending to ruthless realism, the value of genuine and deeply felt sentiment cannot be rated too highly.

Now, what of the young girl who—dancing, laughing, frowning, applauding, bowing, saluting—we see nearly every morning in our papers?

She is a perfectly normal girl, and as yet unspoiled; her Scots mother has seen to that, and recently she has had the formidable presence and advice of Queen Mary to guide her. If she is enjoying life, then it is only what all parents would wish for their daughters in the first flush of maidenhood.

There is plenty of hard work ahead, plenty of troubles; but Queen Victoria started her reign with a wild round of gaiety before she settled down to raising her family of nine children.

Although she never went to a boarding school, Elizabeth has knocked about in one way or another more than the elder generation of Buckingham Palace would have imagined doing.

Problem of Her Marriage

The first problem she has to face is that of marriage, which can only be to a Protestant and with the consent of the Privy Council.

The present Queen's mother was the daughter of a vicar, a plain reverend, not a bishop; one of the Princess's uncles, Gloucester, married the daughter of a duke, the other one, Kent, a girl with Danish, German and Russian blood in her veins, who was brought up in the artistic circles of Paris rather than in the atmosphere of a Court.

Thus Elizabeth has precedent on her side for breaking away from a conventional royal marriage.

She will have to face, until the decision is made, the embarrassment of having the most private emotions in her life debated and discussed here and abroad.

Guessing at royal suitors is an ancient pastime of the public; and, with the help of America, the game has already started.

Many young men have been mentioned on the grounds that she happens to have danced with them in the past two or three years: Prince Philip of Greece—a highly unlikely choice; young Lord Euston, who has been on Wavell's staff; Prince George of Denmark, and several titled Guards officers who have been stationed at Windsor.

Princess Elizabeth faces a future full of heavy responsibility. She has the knowledge that two of the greatest reigns in our history were those of queens. She faces a world filled with tottering thrones and governments and shattered ideals; a world threatened by new and terrible developments of science; a world in which Britain's role has changed vastly, although it may still be decisive.

Her job is to embody in herself the human values to which the British race already owes so much, and on which our future influence, and even our survival, may depend.

The Princess launches H.M.S. "Eagle," one of Britain's largest aircraft carriers

PRIVATE VIEW OF ROBERT HELPMANN

MASTER OF MOVEMENT

BALLET WAS INVENTED IN FRANCE, perfected in Russia, adopted in England and transformed by Helpmann.

A few years ago a taste for ballet was considered just a little too precious. Ballet, to the average man, was something obscured by a lot of French terms in italics, and rendered exotic by the Russian names of its exponents.

Too often an unpronounceable alias stood for something homely and English, for a little girl who could poise gracefully on her pointed toes and had never been much farther than Blackpool.

Well, that was a few years ago. Today we have the English ballet and its most significant personality, the thirty-seven years old Australian, Robert Helpmann.

Slight and shapely, with the wide brow of an intellectual and the big trusting eyes of a basset-hound, Helpmann couldn't be anything other than graceful, whether on the stage or in his dressing-room, curled up on the sofa smoking a cigarette.

But Helpmann is not merely a perfect dancer. He is now a reckonable creative force. His *Comus, Hamlet, The Birds, Miracle in the Gorbals* and latest *Adam Zero* have brought ballet into contact with drama and reality. He tells a story vividly, with laughter and tears, romance and drollery. His subjects are the classics, legends, nature, love and suffering, sin and virtue. His characters are people—princes, hobos, harlots, soldiers, parsons, punch-drunk pugs, swing addicts.

A FEW weeks ago Helpmann worked over *Adam Zero* on the stage of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. He sat on the stage in front, waving a lighted cigarette between his fingers; just above, painted on the fabric of the curtain, was the sign SMOKING PROHIBITED.

He faced a group of figures poised statuesquely, the marionettes whose movements he would quicken with a pattern and meaning.

Understudies lounged on either side. A soubrette lay flat on her back with legs up against a festooned archway, resting. A group of girls and youths in tattered ballet costumes were giggling and talking among the props. Stage hands painted and hammered, adjusting a back-cloth that went up, up, high as a cathedral. A man with a beard leafed through a file of papers. A girl at a grand piano waited on Helpmann's word.

Helpmann rearranged a group of figures. "Let's have it again from de de dar dum ti tum." The girl at the piano tinkled on and the rehearsal continued. *Adam Zero* was taking shape.

"Whoa!" Helpmann shouted. "whoa! whoa! You're going into that with the apathy of a bus queue on a wet day. Let's have feeling. You know what you're supposed to be expressing? Well then, grovel, writhe!"

So the rehearsal went on until it was stopped and started again, stopped and started again with Helpmann repeating, "Once more . . . once more . . . once more," until the cast was fit to drop. When at last he said, "Break now," it was for a bath and a rest before the three-hour performance at 6.30.

It is hard work; and if Helpmann is tactful and unflurried he is also firm and persistent.

He was born in Adelaide. When Pavlova toured Australia he joined her company as a pupil for eighteen months and later, in 1932, came to England to study under Ninette de Valois of the Sadler's Wells school. Within a short time he was dancing leading roles.

His is the vivid personality, restless and colourful, of an artist who lives on his nerves and works with his emotions for a gay, ephemeral art. It has made him interesting, hyper-sensitive, reactive to his surroundings and absent-minded.

Helpmann hasn't time for very much outside the theatre. But he plays hard. He loves private parties during the week and a night club after the show on Saturdays. His favourite haunts are Ciro's, the Four Hundred, the Embassy, where he does exactly what would be expected; he just dances.

He is an excellent ballroom dancer, loves swing, detests tangos, waltzes, congas, rumbas and slow fox trots. "It's a myth," he said, "all this about ballet dancers being no good in a ballroom." And he proved it by bringing boogie-woogie into *Adam Zero*.

He eats anything and drinks practically everything, smoking American cigarettes incessantly. There's never any need to worry about his figure. He is too nervous ever to be fat, losing about seven pounds every first night through anxiety.

He is very often ill and it is a large-size job looking after him.

DURING a ballet season, his life becomes a routine. He is called at eight by a manservant with tea, but seldom gets out of bed before nine. No breakfast. Helpmann never eats breakfast except on ships and trains.

Work begins in the theatre at ten. Lunch he eats at the Ivy, a heavy meal because there's nothing more until after the performance that night. Rehearsals continue from three. He spends his weekends in the country, very often with Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, when they are at home.

Swimming is his sport. Before the war he spent three months every year at the Riviera, swimming and losing money at poker and roulette. Naturally, he is looking forward to travel conditions being brought back to normal.

Helpmann's interests are catholic. He reads everything that comes his way. And there's a house full of modern paintings in one of those little squares off Knightsbridge, where he has just moved in from a mews flat.

Lately straight plays and films have drawn his attention. His *Hamlet* was quite a success, and he is now appearing in *Caravan*, a film with Stewart Granger. A future stage production is Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment* with Edith Evans.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

penicillin

PENICILLIN (PRONOUNCED PENNY-SILLIN), the greatest medical discovery of our age, is sold as a yellow powder, which rapidly dissolves in water. When injected into the blood-stream, this solution kills many types of harmful germ.

★ ★ ★

Since germs are living cells, drugs which kill them tend to harm the body cells, too. Penicillin is the only powerful germ-killing drug which does not harm the patient.

★ ★ ★

Penicillin only kills certain germs—on others it has no effect whatever. So it's no good using it for your illness unless the trouble is caused by a germ which it kills.

★ ★ ★

Boils, barber's rash, infected burns, tonsilitis, mastoid, pneumonia, bronchitis, blood poisoning, meningitis, scarlet fever, diphtheria, childbed fever and V.D. are among the illnesses which penicillin cures.

★ ★ ★

Penicillin will *not* cure: Tuberculosis, typhoid, malaria, sleeping sickness, plague, whooping cough, influenza. Nor will it cure the common cold—though it may be of some help in treating it, for many of the secondary germs which the common cold virus lets in are killed by penicillin.

★ ★ ★

Penicillin is obtained from *penicillium notatum*, one of the green moulds which grow on food. There are about 300 of these, but only *penicillium notatum* is a useful source of penicillin.

★ ★ ★

A few spores of this mould drifted in through a laboratory window at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and fell on a small glass culture-dish in which harmful germs were growing on gelatine. As the mould grew, the germs near it were killed, and this fact was noted by Professor (now Sir Alexander) Fleming.

★ ★ ★

That was in 1929. But so elusive was the germ-killing substance in the mould, that it was not until ten years later that enough of it was obtained to make tests on serious cases.

★ ★ ★

The Government ordered an all-out penicillin production drive to have stocks ready for D-Day. This work was entrusted to Mr. Harry Jephcott, head of Glaxo Laboratories. Using 300,000 glass vessels, his team made 80 per cent of the British penicillin available in 1944.

★ ★ ★

Unhampered by the war, United States scientists, working on information supplied by Britain, made tremendous advances. They perfected the deep-culture method, in which penicillin is "brewed" in vats. This is now in use at the two great penicillin factories, at Speke, near Liverpool, and Barnard Castle, County Durham.

★ ★ ★

The purest commercial penicillin in the world is produced at Barnard Castle. A thirty-five years old Scot, Dr. A. H. Campbell, of Edinburgh University, is in charge.

★ ★ ★

The agreement between Britain and America for the exchange of information on penicillin ended on January 31 of this year. Commercial secrecy is now observed—in other words, the drug which can end three-quarters of the world's suffering is now becoming "the bone in a businessmen's dogfight."

★ ★ ★

Russia has been given no information on the drug. A woman, Professor Zinaida Ermolyeva, is in charge of Soviet penicillin production.

★ ★ ★

Cystine, an amino-acid distilled from human hair, helps in making penicillin. Blonde hair is best. Barbers' sweepings are being collected, but cigarette ends mixed in with the hair are the scientists' main headache.

★ ★ ★

The drug is only the first of a long series of similar substances, some of which may cure the illnesses penicillin cannot touch.

WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH THE WASH?

A baffled public pays highest-ever prices for poorly-finished and slowly-delivered articles. The laundries have their problems, too. Here's a solution to the washing tangle

by LEONARD WALLACE

NOT LONG AGO one of the newspapers printed a cartoon showing a small crowd of people wearing carnival hats and waving flags. Toy trumpets were being triumphantly blown and paper streamers hurled around.

"What is all this?" asks a spectator, "a family reunion?"

"No," roars one of the revellers, "THE LAUNDRY'S BACK!"

Fair enough as a joke but behind all the fun there still remains a confused situation that is causing people almost as much anxiety and irritation as rationing or house-shortages.

Britain's laundries, faced with a steadily mounting mass of work, are not delivering the goods on time or in first-class condition. Laundry prices rise while the quality of the work falls.

What, then, has gone wrong with the wash?

The customers will give you a swift answer.

Householders, used to collection and delivery every fortnight, are now waiting up to seven days for collection and twenty-four days for delivery. Laundries are arbitrarily refusing new orders and even striking old customers off their books.

When the long-awaited laundry does turn up, it is nowhere near peace-time standards of finish. Missing buttons — once a music-hall joke — have become a dismal routine. Tears, holes, rips and rents are a matter for near-hysteria in these days of threadbare clothes and precious coupons.

So the unpopularity of the laundry piles up with the dirty linen.

And have the laundries anything to say in answer to their customers' complaints? They have quite a lot to say—and have just launched, through the Institution of British Launderers, a vigorous campaign to explain their difficulties.

The case for the laundry owners rests mainly on the fact that they haven't enough staff to do the work on hand. The pre-war laundry labour strength of 180,000 fell to 122,410 last July. Yet the amount of civilian work sent to laundries rose by fifteen per cent during that period.

Absenteeism is Rife

Many laundries are down to near-skeleton staffs. Three or four people stand at ironing machines designed to be operated by ten workers. A solitary checker has to do the work of three. One Home Counties laundry alone has vacancies for 150 hands.

Absenteeism is rife. Out of 120 regular workers in one laundry, thirty-seven did not appear on a particular day.

Staff managers complain that laundry workers were not protected by the Essential Works Order until the war had been going nearly three years. By that time thousands of men and very many experienced girls had left the laundries.

Additionally, laundry proprietors complain that many of their vans were requisitioned by the Army.

Faced with the more specific complaints of the poor quality of finished laundry, the proprietors today tend to throw the blame on two factors. 1. Inexperienced staff which, they point out, is better than no staff at all. 2. The fact that after six years of clothes rationing, the public is sending to the laundries worn-out linen and garments that cannot stand up to washing.

Even experienced checkers and supervisors are doing at least two jobs where they did one before and efficiency has accordingly declined. And laundries are forced to use unskilled women or old men for many essential jobs.

Lately the labour position has grown worse because many women leave the laundries as their husbands or sweethearts are demobilized. True, demobilization brings back some laundry workers from the Forces, but so far what should be a steady stream is a desultory trickle.

The recent decision to sanction Class B release of 2,400 laundry workers from the Forces is a welcome drop in the bucket. But the bucket is still far from full. About 60,000 new hands are needed—20,000 in London alone—before the laundries touch their pre-war strength.

That is the over-all view of the laundry tangle.

On the one hand, the exasperated, brusquely-treated customer who pays highest-ever prices for poorly-finished and slowly-delivered articles. On the other hand, the laundry proprietor who says he can do nothing without more experienced staff and, on the subject of prices, points out that fifty per cent of the money paid by customers goes directly in wages.

Is it deadlock, then?

Laundries in Difficulty

The first line of approach to a solution is to get all the pre-war workers back into the laundries and ensure for the future a steady supply of recruits for training.

Now this—no matter how many welfare schemes, training courses or publicity campaigns may be launched by the proprietors—will never come about until something is done about wages.

Out of 115,000 insured workers in the laundries of this country, ninety per cent are women, which ranks the laundries as third largest employers of female labour in Britain. Yet the basic wage of qualified women workers is only 55s. for a forty-eight hour week.

Even in agriculture—traditionally associated with low wages—the Agricultural Wages Board has just recommended that women workers of twenty-one and over be paid 60s. for a forty-eight hour week.

And compared with the London "clippie's" weekly wage of 108s., the 55s. paid, for example, to a laundry racker who has the responsible job of receiving finished articles and sorting them accurately under your name or mark, is hardly a tempting reward.

Laundry owners are doing a wise thing in letting the public know that modern laundry work is not the damp, unhealthy and unpleasant occupation an outsider might imagine it. Machinery does the heavy work. New laundries are clean, airy, light, free from steam. Health rates are good and there are many instances of workers who have completed thirty, forty and even fifty years in laundry work.

To attract young people about to leave the Services, the Institution of British Launderers has planned a special two-year course in laundry practice and management. Subjects studied include analytical chemistry, textiles, engineering, industrial and company law.

The other side of the picture is represented by the strike which 3,000 laundry workers started for higher pay and better conditions in Liverpool and Manchester.

Speed-up of laundry deliveries under existing conditions is a ticklish task. Yet something might be done as a start by examining the system of priorities under which the laundries work.

New laundries are clean and free from steam. Machinery does the heavy work. We need more of them if we are to attract recruits

First priorities are for the Services and for hospitals. Services' laundry—which has included even the washing of P.T. shoes, and blanket strips for re-sale to the public—might well be checked and reviewed. It seems incredible that even though many thousands of American and Empire troops have left the country, the civil population have felt little improvement following the disappearance of this priority work.

A great deal of other official laundering, at present loaded on private firms, might be diverted to municipal enterprises. Leyton Corporation has taken a step in this direction by planning to start its own laundry for garments used in corporation public services.

Priority Workers Needed

Again, it is not certain that full attention is being given at the Labour Exchanges to the priority call for workers needed by the laundry.

A small easing of the situation would follow if families in the better income belt determined to do a greater proportion of their own washing at home.

But here we come up against the shortages of soap and fuel that make home washing impracticable on a big scale and expensive on any. This is a question for careful consideration on a Government level.

A system of laundry ration cards—holder to send articles not more than once a fortnight and card to be stamped accordingly—has been tried successfully in some areas and might well be extended to others where congestion of work is acute.

Yet these are only partial remedies.

The final and only solution to our washing worries is the provision of wages, conditions and amenities which will bring the laundry industry on a level with other public services.

We want to give them our washing. Give them, too, the wages and conditions that will attract a flow of workers.

Then we will soon be hailing the arrival of the weekly wash, dead on time—and properly washed—once again!

BRITISH TELEVISIO

Our television [s]ervice, which
post-war life [w]ith big adva
the people beh[i]nd it, and the

by JOHN

IN THOSE LAST DOOMED DAYS OF PEACE in 1939 when members of the television staff were reluctantly packing up a promising three-year-old venture, the B.B.C. encouraged them to join up. There were no prospects for that team of brilliant pioneers. So the B.B.C. was the poorer for much talent and enthusiasm, and the Services, mainly the R.A.F., were enriched by a bunch of skilled men with imagination and enterprise.

Now they are coming back. A major with an O.B.E. at one end of his crowded ribbon band preceded me at the Alexandra Palace reception desk recently and explained that he was one of the "boys" about to return. Television people are back from the war, their heads full of radar, their enthusiasm undimmed.

There are about three hundred of them (some four hundred before the war) at our service to provide us with this novel, if war-arrested, form of entertainment.

At three o'clock on June 7, when public television begins, post-war Britain will see for the first time programmes which have been tried out on closed circuits for several months. Shaw's *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* and an adaptation of Stella Gibbons's *Cold Comfort Farm*, are among the first offerings. They are nicely leavened by that famous act of Koringa and her crocodiles (which caused one of the best television scares before the war when it seemed as if one of the crocodiles might exceed his terms of reference and clear the set).

Seeing While it Happens

The unique and unanswerable appeal of television is its instantaneousness—the way it can provide, as in no other medium, a view of an event at the very moment when it is happening. That vital sock on the jaw in the big fight, that winning goal at the big match, the winning-post view of the big race, the culminating moment in a procession on a big day; each may be instantly seen by the "looker-in." If the cameras which are his eyes serve him well, the looker-in indeed may see more than an observer on the spot.

Such is the most potent quality which television has to offer.

Ceremonial and sport, public events and historic moments form, therefore, the very basic character of this undeveloped medium; and just as Jim Corbett, mistily boxing in a movie studio in the 'nineties, gave the cinema its first big lift, so it may be some muscular star of our times who will popularize the attraction of television's instantaneousness.

Meanwhile, from Moscow there are reports of new flats with television sets built in. From America come lush rumours that real estate values are to be reassessed on the television reception possibilities of a property. Architecturally they tell us that houses are being built round a television receiving room, in the New World. What are the prospects in Britain on television's D-Day?

Out of the forty-seven-odd million inhabitants of these islands, some twenty thousand will be in possession of sets. They will be old sets done up, for it is doubtful if the new ones can be in general supply before the autumn, although British manufacturers are making every effort to meet the coming demand. There will be minor improvements; but generally speaking you will be able to buy for £50 upwards the sets you could get pre-war from £30 upwards.

The range of good vision from the 300-ft. mast at Alexandra Palace (itself some 600 ft. above sea level) may have improved slightly. It will run from thirty to fifty miles.

The beam travels in a straight line and, therefore, tends to leave the curved surface of the earth the farther it goes from Ally Pally. If the transmission were carried through an aircraft circling over North London the range would increase.

Americans have used circling aircraft, though reports are silent on the views of the crews who have to stay up aloft flying in tight circles. The R.A.F. radar people knew all about such airborne transmissions when they used them during the war.

You are being offered, then, this summer, a limited service of television: and there will not be many of you who will get it.

Nevertheless, Britain is in the strongest position of any nation in the world in the television field. Before the war, we were admitted in America to be a couple of years ahead. Now, in spite of the fact that the U.S.A. has worked on at this medium throughout the war years while the R.A.F. was in Alexandra Palace and all our television equipment was stored away in the charge of half a dozen B.B.C. maintenance men, Britain is well in the lead once more.

Ready-made Packed House

If the B.B.C. can extend its services to cover the country — and it is already contemplating a second transmitter in the Midlands—the television available to British people can remain far ahead of the rest of the world.

So many potential viewers in such a small space is our first advantage: Britain is a ready-made packed house. That is a geographical advantage.

The very modesty of the present beginnings and the fact that what was done before the war, and what is being done now, with an expert staff of a few hundreds, is based upon the solid foundations

Left: Girls from London's Windmill Theatre go through a dress rehearsal before the television cameras at the Alexandra Palace

Above: A[n] Jasmine B[rown] announcer[s] table), enj[oy] with others

N IS YEARS AHEAD

reopens next week, starts its
ntages. Here is the story of
programmes we can expect

PUDNEY

"The Dive."
gh. television
standing at
ying a chat
rom the studio

Right: Cecil Madden, television programme organizer. He was formerly in charge of the Empire programmes at the B.B.C.

of a State enterprise, is manifestly helping the progress of British television.

In America, where all sound broadcasting is lavishly sponsored by advertisers, television development is beset by commercial considerations. "The business is on a starvation diet while waiting to inherit the earth," is how one writer describes it.

In a country which pays $1,300 million a year to see the movies and listens to radio packed with talent by big-money advertising, it is impossible for the commercial enterprises running television to find the money for first-rate entertainment unless they find sponsors first. But the sponsors cannot be found for an entertainment which lacks an audience. Until this vicious circle is broken the starvation diet continues.

Two American companies are going ahead with ordinary television; a third is specializing in colour. So there is naturally bewilderment among purchasers of sets, dividing the potential audience.

While in the States many experts say that it would be desirable to put a "close" season on television until they get it organized, and then make a fresh start, in Britain the B.B.C. is going into the business more modestly but it is building a more realistic service. It will not be nationally popular until it can reach the provinces, where people have less counter-attractions than those around London.

But knowledge, enthusiasm, drive and public money are focused upon the one organization, already tried by the three years' pioneering work in the 'thirties, and it will assuredly grow.

Two Sessions a Day

You will be offered two sessions a day, from 3 to 4.30 p.m. and 8.30 to 10 p.m., with occasional extras, such as Wimbledon tennis and other sporting fixtures, and a film specially produced for the benefit of television shops demonstrating sets.

Programme Organizer Cecil Madden, playwright, sound-producer, relentless television enthusiast, "builds" the programmes for weeks ahead upon squared paper. He aims at a balanced diet, but there are dozens of physical problems to be solved before each day's fare can be settled.

There are only two studios, for instance, at Alexandra Palace, and a production of which you will see two performances needs fourteen days' rehearsal. If Madden is to organize three plays a week, the rehearsal accommodation has to be sought outside the Ally Pally set, in B.B.C. premises elsewhere. It is hoped that one of the three weekly plays will be brought from a West End theatre direct and that complete casts will travel from provincial repertory companies on Sundays to be televised in the London area.

Cecil Madden, as when I first knew him in the early days of Empire broadcasting, is a bit of a visionary. One of his most interesting forecasts is that audiences will enter into the picture.

You will see, say, a great comic appearing on the screen in close up, and then a shot will follow enabling you to see the audience splitting their sides. From a camera in the roof you may look down upon comedian and audience together. It will be a rest, certainly, from the sound broadcast *claque*.

In studio shows, the performers are to have a slightly warmer make-up than formerly. "We have found that a warmer sun-tan will show better," states Jean (Johnnie) Bradnock, who has inherited the arduous responsibility of making up everybody. Make-up girls stand by on every set in order to do running repairs if required under the tropical heat of the lights.

For actors there is more money in television than in sound broadcasting, but also much more work. For the sake of their two performances they must learn the whole part and remember to stand on their marks. More than one famous player has walked out on his audience by strolling out of the line of vision and becoming inaccessible to the cameras.

Building Television Stars

It is likely that television will build up its own stars, giving performers a run of engagements so that they become thoroughly accustomed to the work, but resting them when they get stale. For writers, television in Britain already offers more than America. A thirty-minute script in New York may bring from ten to twenty dollars: British television is unlikely to pay less than the B.B.C. sound broadcasting rate of a guinea a minute.

Tele-performances, you will see, demand a *tour de force* on the part of the producer. It is the only type of show which is produced while actually being performed.

However thoroughly he may have rehearsed his performers, when he sits on his little box for the live show the producer must watch several screens, showing several views of the scene, and decide at which moment the audience will see which view. He is, in fact, extemporizing all the time and no two performances will ever be alike—which is one of the significant contrasts between this medium and films.

Extempore is part of the life and soul of television. There are not the radio scripts to prompt speakers, nor the film re-takes to make a scene just right.

Now the Team is Back

Animals are a part of television stock-in-trade all the world over. They are good entertainment and good economy. Before the war a very distinguished actor returning to his Alexandra Palace dressing-room to wash off his make-up, found ensconced in his bath, another participator in the evening's programme, a performing seal. Somebody—not the seal—explained that it was just awaiting its call.

The television service radiates energy and co-operation among its people, whether you meet them in the corrugated iron chalet, outside the Palace on the summit of the hill, known enigmatically as "the Dive," or in their own overcrowded but democratic canteen.

Maurice Gorham, former editor of the *Radio Times* and now television-boss, may be encountered sitting next to an electrician in overalls, and they may share their table with two actors in the lace ruffles and wigs of the eighteenth century.

Glancing through the list of careers of the men who are responsible for your revived television two striking facts emerge. They are drawn from a great diversity of professions and careers (nobody, remember, can have been in television all his life) and the majority of them were born in the first ten years of this century.

Ten years ago many of them went into television as a team of young men. Now they are back, as a team, in the early forties, ready for the greatest adventure the entertainment world has to offer.

As I was saying ★ by HERBERT HODGE

LET'S ALL DO THE DIRTY WORK

Must we depend on imported "slave labour" to do our dirty work? asks Herbert Hodge, who believes we should all share the tough jobs

"Most of the filth fell on me"

THE MOST SURPRISING THING, to my mind, about the new proposals for bringing foreign workers into this country, is that, so far, there has been no public protest.

A few years ago, there would have been a great shout of "foreigners taking the bread out of our mouths."

Nowadays, we remember all the domestic work crying out to be done in hospitals, hotels and homes. We remember, too, the extra labour needed in the mines and in the other heavy industries. And we think of eager, energetic (and, we hope, not too particular) foreigners doing all this unpleasant work for us. And we're inclined to think it might be a good idea.

After all, if these foreigners are glad to get the dirty jobs, and if we can keep our hands clean doing the genteel jobs, why not?

At first sight it looks attractive. Especially to the housewife in need of domestic help. But the idea is fundamentally wrong.

Even if it offers a quick, easy solution, it is not a solution that we can accept. It's utterly against our principles.

This idea of bringing in foreign workers to do the dirty work must be as old as human history. The ancient Egyptians tried it. The Greeks tried it. The Romans tried it. The American cotton-growers tried it. And, in our own day, the Nazis tried it.

With local variations, of course. But the basic idea has always been the same. It's a bad one. It presupposes a community which—although it may offer a pleasant, cultured life to its own members—is based on the sweated labour of foreign slaves.

Surely we didn't vote Socialist at the last election in order to become members of a privileged class in a slave-State!

I must admit that, as a young man doing heavy labour, half the attraction of the Socialist gospel lay in the thought that, under a Socialist system, I shouldn't have to work so hard.

There's no harm in the thought itself, of course. The harm arises only when the individual tries to dodge his or her *fair share* of the work.

It's got its comic side, this problem, when you glance back over the centuries. Each rising social class has shunted off the heavy labour on to the class below it. But now, in this year of 1946, there's no longer any lower class in this country to put the burden upon. We're *all* too good for the hard and dirty work. We *all* feel worthy of better things. We are all educated nowadays. We all feel capable of doing the office-work.

It's Got to be Done

This would be very nice if a nation could live on office-work. Unfortunately, it can't. If half our clerks stopped work tomorrow, I don't suppose the country would be noticeably worse off. But let the fisherman stop fishing, the miners stop mining, the farm workers stop growing food—and where are we?

However much we may dislike it, the dirty and heavy work of life still has to be done. And as the time has gone by when we could shunt it off on to a poorer person, a "social inferior," we've got to find some way of making this work tolerable for civilized human beings.

I'm told that women coming out of the Forces are refusing to go back to laundry-work. They don't want to touch dirty linen. As one who has worked in a laundry, I don't blame them. We've got to find a way of dealing with that dirty linen so that no one needs to touch it.

Three parts of the trouble with dirty jobs, in my experience, is that you're not only expected to do the dirty work, you're expected to rub your nose in it as well. You're expected to soak yourself in the dirt; to eat with it, and to sleep with it—and even to carry a lingering odour about with you on your day off.

And so long as people can be found who will put up with this sort of thing, no one in authority will bother to devise any means of abolishing it.

I remember once working on the garage staff of a large transport company. When a vehicle came in for an overhaul, the only way to clean the several months' accumulation of filth from the undercarriage was to drive it over a pit, and then to stand underneath it with a pail of paraffin and a brush, and scrub all that muck down on to yourself.

Back Where We Began

It would have been so simple to have rigged up a washing machine, to swill the worst of the muck away. But nobody in authority bothered, because nobody in authority cared. *They* didn't have to do the dirty work.

When a cleaner job is to be had, it's much easier for the progressively minded man to go and take that cleaner job than to stay in the dirty job and try to get it put right.

And that, of course, is exactly what the "imported" foreign worker will do—at the first opportunity.

This country of ours is no slave-State. If we invite people to come here to live and work, we can only invite them as free citizens. We may, perhaps, put them under certain restrictions to begin with—until they've shown they are decent, law-abiding folk. But sooner or later (and the sooner the better) we shall be compelled, by all that we believe in, to offer them the same freedom and the same privileges as those enjoyed by any other citizen.

What, then, happens to the dirty work? We are back where we began.

I'm not against inviting the foreign worker to this country—if we need more workers. My point is simply that "importing foreign labour" (as the horrible phrase goes) is no real solution of the dirty-work problem.

The only way to tackle it is to face it squarely as something that concerns us all—not as something we can shunt off on to other people.

There is no simple and easy solution to the problem. It has too many aspects for that. Dirty and laborious jobs can be made more tolerable by devising machines to do away with unnecessary filth and unnecessary hard labour.

Higher wages can be paid for this kind of job. Shorter hours can be arranged. These will help.

Even so, there will always be some jobs that are tough and unpleasant—whether in home, hospital, mine, farm or factory—jobs that nobody wants to spend his life at.

It seems to me that the only fair and honest way, in a Socialist community, is for us all to recognize our collective responsibility for getting this work done—for us all to be prepared to do our fair share.

Instead of the unfortunate few being condemned to do the dirty work during all the years of their lives, we should, all of us, give up to it, say, one year or two years, according to the country's need. We can do it willingly enough in war-time. I see no reason why we shouldn't do it in peace.

No one would be the worse for it. No one ever *is* the worse for doing a little hard labour. It's doing too much of it—for too long—that gets you down. Doing your share can only do you good.

For instance, I sometimes think it would be a splendid thing if every man washed his own shirt—for the sake of his soul. But that's a thought that needs further consideration. I propose to return to it next week.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

The Greatest Art

LIFE'S GREATEST ART is the art of making friends. Strange how people differ in their ability to do this! Some make friends readily; some only with great difficulty; some never make friends at all.

Samuel Johnson was right when he said: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Many people agree with this but still say it's too difficult to put into practice.

What's the secret? William Hazlitt, the famous English essayist, came very near it. "There are persons who cannot make friends," he wrote. "Who are they? Those who cannot *be* friends."

"It is not the want of good nature, of entertaining or useful qualities, that you complain of; on the contrary, they probably have many points of attraction, but they have one that neutralizes all these—they care nothing about you. They manifest no joy at your approach, and when you leave them it is with a feeling that they can do just as well without you."

Emerson said much the same thing very tersely: "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

And right back in Proverbs you can read: "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly."

The art of making friends is the art of being human. It was said of the late Viscount Southwood that he made friends by "being involved with humanity."

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WAY FOR A SAILOR

Respectably married in a respectable district, taking a respectable dog for a respectable walk—that was his life. And all the time the seaman's diary in his pocket was tugging at his brain

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY SINDALL

HE CAME DOWN THE STAIRS slowly, taking his time. His mind was thousands of miles away on the China coast, but a scratching at a door brought him back from his dreams.

"So you got yourself shut up in the kitchen," he growled. "All right—I know you want to go for your walk!"

A silky streak shot through his legs as he opened the kitchen door. The dachshund made for the front door, and there he stood, his ears pricked at half-mast, his body taut with excitement.

A kettle was spitting furiously on the gas cooker in the kitchen. Something else he had forgotten. He turned the gas off guiltily, changing the book he was holding from one hand to the other. In the way he handled the book there was something reverent.

When he got back to the box-like hall the dog was still watching the door, his tail like a mast astern. It wasn't that he disliked the dog. There was something about this business of the evening run that might be all right for some men, perhaps. Just lately, when the mood was on, it rankled.

His wife's voice sounded from the bedroom overhead. "Don't be too long with Fritzie this evening, dear. You'll have to change before we go to the Evanses. . . ."

As he walked up the suburban street with the dog dashing from pillar to post before him, he was thinking: "Snap out of it! Her friends are all right. What's wrong with old Evans? What's wrong with being a bank manager? You did pretty well for yourself when you married her, didn't you? Nice little business. Nice little house."

The district seemed to close in on him. He felt vaguely uneasy. Clipped green hedges, neat gardens, new red roofs and discreet curtains behind the metal casements. Each villa with its own kennel-like garage. Each garage with its apron of cement. The newly-planted saplings looking as if they were too scared to grow behind the steel corsets they were set up in.

He was keeping an eye on the dog—he was far too fond of dashing into these terribly respectable front gardens—but he was telling himself: "You get to know even the grass . . . after eight months. And her relatives! Twenty years to buy your own house and a baby car on hire purchase. Hurrying to catch the eight-fifteen. Borrowing the lawn mower over the garden fence. A fortnight a year at the seaside—if you could call *that* seeing the sea.

When they reached Mayfield Avenue at the top of the rise the dog came to heel. You didn't have to tell Fritzie anything. He knew the routine. They crossed the concrete highway that cut across the suburb leading to the heart of the city, and reached the painted bench under the trees. The dog jumped up on to the seat beside him. From here you could see the terminus of the trolley-buses. Something about the spot fascinated him. He liked to sit and watch the trolley-buses.

Clouds were drifting high and fleecy on a gentle south-westerly breeze and the dying sunlight lay clear as crystal on the trees, and on the new roadway with its overhead wires slicing down to the great city and the docks. He took the book out of his pocket, and all at once his expression softened. He forgot about the trolley-buses.

IT was the sort of little volume you can pick up occasionally in seaport towns out of the box at a bookseller's—a manuscript diary and log, kept by some seaman, until he got tired of it, and pawned it for the value of its binding.

The log book he was reading now, he knew almost by heart. Sea winds blew saltily through its pages. The neat legible hand in which it was written wove for him a kind of magic—that heart-searching lure of the sea that is in the blood of every Briton. The title page was inscribed in a copperplate reminiscent of a maker's name engraved with flourishes on the dial of a chronometer: John Gallow Brash. And underneath was written: Third Officer, S.S. *Corvin Castle*. The date was ten years ago.

And now, as he sat on the bench, he was back in his dreams. Multi-hued parrots from the Ivory Coast; grinning mulattos at Port of Spain; bills of lading; bum boats at Port Said; Chahua monkeys on the Amazon; the rattle of salt spray in the Roaring Forties; Sydney Harbour; the Golden Gate at San Francisco. . . .

This young fellow, John Gallow Brash, had a ready pen for his diary and an

And now, as he sat on the bench, he was back in his dreams

eye that could see things. He had run away from school to go to sea the hard way and he had been shipwrecked twice. Once off the China coast in his first ship and again through collision with a guano boat off Iqique in South America. In a knife fight in Marseilles the diarist received a gash across his left forearm which nearly cost him the use of his hand.

Two girls passed the bench as he sat conjuring up the picture of the sailor who had written the diary, and they gave him a quick, speculative glance. A nice-looking young fellow with nice hair —but he seemed more interested in the book he was reading.

He was. He was thinking: "*This* young chap was a man. You wouldn't catch his sort taking the dog out for a run."

In the distance, a number nineteen trolley-bus drew into the side of the road. The conductor jumped off and the man on the bench idly watched him manipulate the twin poles of his vehicle round a sharp circle in the overhead wires as the trolley-bus crawled round to face the great city and the docks from which it had just come. With the trolley turned and ready, the driver climbed out of his cab in the front to join his mate on the pavement, smacking his gloved hands together, before he pulled off the gloves.

The man with the diary knew the pair of them would chat for four minutes puffing at their cigarettes, then a sharp *tang-tang* on the conductor's bell would be the signal for the start. The driver would climb back into his cab and with a soft whirr the trolley would move off.

In twenty-six minutes it would be down by the docks.

He turned back to the diary. He could hear the woody creak of sheets straining to a half gale . . . the thump of the screw racing to the lunge of a following sea . . . the cry of Mother Carey's chickens — stormy petrels — skidding through the rigging . . . the splintering whistle of hard-driven spray. And over it all, riding his vision like a beacon light, he caught as an echo from the pages the rocketing *hoo-hoo* of the ship's whistle and the tinkle of engine-room bells.

HERE and there in the diary were women's names, mentions of visits to stations up-country in Queensland, affrays with consular officers, differences of opinion with the Salvation Army in many lands. Dates of examinations conducted by the Board of Trade. Dates of various tickets gained. Names of ships.

There was a half-furtive air about him as he thumbed the pages back and forth. This was not the sort of thing Moira would understand. He knew now that her world began and ended inside this square mile of raw, red villas. He should have known that a woman of her age, and a widow, would want a fellow to settle down. How could you settle down when there was a book like this to unlock the door for you and give you a glimpse at what lay beyond?

He was thinking now, as he laid aside the diary for a moment: "You were all right until you started reading this thing. What's got into you lately? What about the sort of food you get thrown at you aboard ship? What about the hard lying? Where does that sort of life get you in the end? On the beach in Cardiff. Or under twenty fathoms somewhere in Davy Jones's locker."

He shifted restlessly and the dog eyed him expectantly. It was time to go home. But the argument went on inside him. "All right! You've got a nice home and a safe income. At sixty you'll retire. You'll have had your holidays at the seaside. You'll have been to the cinema every Saturday night. Mowed the lawn. Hurried for your train every weekday morning. At sixty you'll retire, after—what?"

Thirty yards away, along the white concrete highway, the conductor pushed the fag-end off his lip with his tongue and stamped it out on the pavement. He climbed aboard and a sharp *tang-tang* sounded through the dusk.

The man on the bench looked up. In the distance the lights of the great town were beginning to show against the night. He jumped up, crammed the diary in his pocket and began to run for the trolley. He stopped, turned back, and scooped up the dog.

"Come on, Fritzie! We're going for a ride this time!"

He caught the trolley-bus by running and heaved himself aboard with the dog under his arm. "Make up your mind, mate," the conductor said.

He scowled. "Ah, nuts!"

FRITZIE'S eyes had a startled look as the two sat side by side on the upper deck, but the man didn't bother. He seemed to have recovered from his sudden impulse and, as he watched the buildings and pavements flying by, a vague uneasiness was growing in him. He stayed on the trolley-bus until the end of the run. When everyone else had got off the car the conductor poked his head up the stairs.

"Hey! We finish here."

He didn't want to get off the car here, with ships' stacks showing over the roof-tops and a maze of rigging at the end of the street, but he climbed down and trod the pavements. Men in seamen's caps, with bundles under their arms, were on the streets. Sailors.

He was down by the water now, with the dog under his arm. The dark shape of high buildings on one side, and on the other looming hulls and derricks showing against the skyline. How long he had been walking he didn't know. To see him you might have thought he was walking in his sleep.

A cluster of arc lights spread a glow over the cobbled roadway, casting black shadows over the rails at the dockside. The light touched the hull of a salt-encrusted tramp unloading from the forehold, showing figures like marionettes on the gangplank.

A look of incredulity came into his eyes. His feet were working but it seemed an age before he got to the circle of light and stood looking up at the man on the gangplank. The hatchet-faced ship's officer turned to expectorate, and at the sight of him began a burst of obscenity. Then he stopped short.

"Looking for a job?"

"I might. I don't know." His eyes were running restlessly all over the old scow. "I reckon I might."

The ship's officer ran down the gangplank and vaulted the rail. He hit the other a friendly punch in the short ribs and laughed coarsely. "Sign you on in the morning, you old son of a gun," he said. "I always knew we'd catch up again with you one of these days."

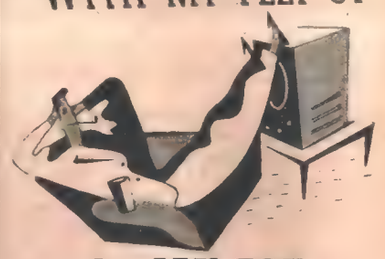
He turned his head up into the blinding light and yelled towards the bridge:

"Ahoy—Joe! See's who's signing on! Jack Brash! And he's brought his sausage hound with him!"

The man who kept a diary picked up his dog and climbed up on to the gangplank. A weight seemed to have lifted from his breast. The salt was in his nostrils. The world at his feet. He knew now what had been the matter with him for eight months.

"Now this one's conked out we'll just have to stooge along on one engine"

WITH MY FEET UP



by IAN FOX

No one can say that my Constant Reader, Hezekiah Shufflebeam, does not move with the times. Always up to date, he has written me a long letter about television. For the benefit of Spasmodic Readers who want to know what my Constant Reader thinks, if anything, I am publishing his letter here.

See No Evil

DEAR MR. FOX,—Television programmes are starting and we shall soon be able to stop, look and listen, like George Robey. In fact, we shall have to stop to look, because, unlike the wireless, it won't be any good having television turned on while we are doing something else like football pools, or bathing the dog or using a microscope.

I haven't a television set myself, but a friend of mine has one left over from pre-war, and I shall be able to see it, like the morning paper, over his shoulder.

Television is going to change our radio habits but it is going to change the performers' habits a lot more.

For instance, when a full-time service gets going, the announcer giving the news at 7 a.m. won't be able to read it in his pyjamas as I imagine he does on the wireless.

I THINK they will have to employ someone to see that the performers look all right before they appear for millions of people to see. Otherwise I shall look forward to the time when I can phone up Miss Jasmine Bligh during the programme, and say "Excuse me but you've got a shoulder strap showing."

I should think that sometimes, when we lookers-in see some of the faces behind the radio voices, we shall get some shocks—like the judges did when my sister Fanny came out from behind the screen after winning an ankle competition at a garden fete.

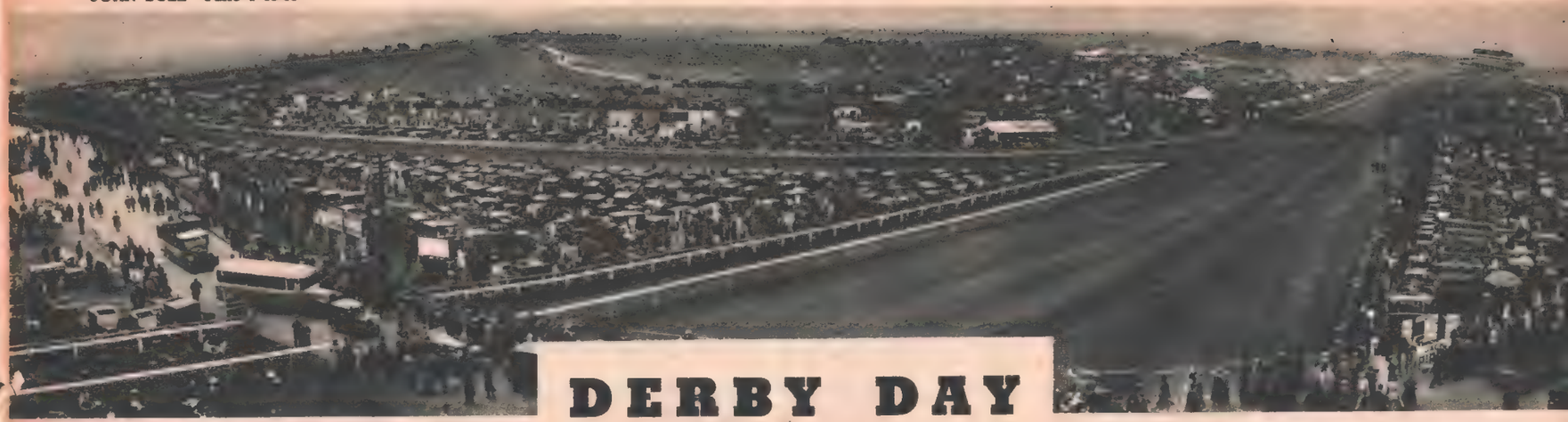
In fact, I'm looking forward to a lot of surprises. I want to see "The Kitchen Front" on television because it is going to be funny when the cakes come out burnt.

I also want them to televise "Do You Believe In Ghosts?" because then if I see one I shall believe in it.

THERE is one thing about it, they won't be able to fob us off with recorded programmes. It is going to be no good announcing Flanagan and Allen, or the New York Symphony Orchestra, and then showing us a man in flannel trousers putting on a gramophone record.

I don't think I am going to be in the audience at a television studio because you never know who might see you. It would be all very nice too if you took your girl friend to the show and then got home and found that your wife had been watching.

Anyway, at present I always hope some of those B.B.C. comedians are funny if you can only see them, so now when television comes I shall find out.—HEZEKIAH SHUFFLEBEAM, Your Constant Reader.



DERBY DAY AGAIN

Thousands will crowd the roads to Epsom to see Britain's first post-war Derby. It'll be a money-spinning event with lots of surprises

says JOHN MACADAM

WHEN, NEXT WEDNESDAY, the shout: "They're off!" carries across the hill at Epsom, there will be pockets of people dotted about who will say with varying degrees of accuracy: "We're on!"

There will be the vast army of northerners who have put t'shirt off their backs on Lord Durham's White Jacket; there will be the southerners (with, I believe, more hope) who will have put it on Khaled; there will be the directors of the National Car Park Association who, at £5 a time for car-park fees, are on a winner whichever horse gets past the post first, and, of course, there will be the Epsom Grandstand Association who will be staging their first post-war Derby with vast financial success.

For the second time in some thirty years, the Derby Stakes return to their home after a war-time evacuation and, whatever Newmarket may offer in the way of amenities and historical background, the Derby properly belongs to Epsom as much as Will Fyffe ever belonged to Glesca.

For the bulk of the million who will stream towards the Downs for forty-eight hours before that shout for the off, it will be a sentimental journey.

For a select band, there will be nothing sentimental about it. For them there will be a great deal more than the £10,000 stake money involved. There will be the potentialities of money-spinning that go with a Derby winner.

Ten thousand pounds is useful money, but it is only the start of a Derby winner's bank balance. The average entrant, by the time final forfeits have been paid and the field has consolidated itself, is worth in the region of £15,000. Depending on several circumstances, a Derby winner is immediately worth at least £30,000 and probably a great deal more.

What are these circumstances? Well, the opposition it has beaten, for one. The ease with which it won, for another. The going, for another. All these things conspire to place a standard on the winner's feat.

A Surprise Winner

There was April the Fifth, for instance. Tom Walls's obscure horse came out of the blue—but not out of the particularly blue blood—to win a surprise Derby. April the Fifth went to stud after his win, but he had only moderate success and I don't think he sired a champion. It just happened that he beat not very good company.

On the other hand, anything that beats the Khaled—White Jacket—Happy Knight opposition this year is marked out as a piece of horseflesh worth almost its weight in gold.

Forgive me if I appear to harp on the subject, but Khaled, a congenitally lazy fellow until he gets somebody of the electric quality of Gordon Richards on his back (whereupon he picks up and lays down his feet with more rapidity than formerly) should double his stud value—win or lose—to in the region of £300.

Incidentally, will Gordon miss another Derby by having the mount on the wrong horse? It is to be hoped not. The combination I have mentioned would be almost unbeatable at Epsom. But, even at that, the Aga Khan's horse has the stuff in him to win on his own if all other circumstances are right.

Taking a leaf out of the Scottish football people's book, the Epsom Grandstand Association have determined that this will be a well-organized Derby Day. Tickets to car owners will carry differently-coloured windscreen labels and these labels will be the guide to almost the precise part of the racecourse for which the driver has paid.

Protest Over Prices

Blues will go one way, reds another and yellows another. Inexorably, the traffic will be routed and packed to such an extent that even if you decide to turn back and save your money, you will find yourself watching the Derby just the same. There will be no escape from the meticulous traffic control.

At this point it would be as well to raise once more the voice of protest over prices. For some reason known best to the Government, racing is exempt from alleviation from the entertainment tax. So that it is possible this year to pay £180 for an eight-seat box for the two Epsom meetings. Of that £180 paid to the Grandstand Association, some £80 is kicked back to the Treasury in entertainment tax.

The entrance to Tatt's for Derby Day is £3, of which the tax represents £1 7s. 6d.

And spare, if you can, a tear for the poor bookmaker. He pays £3 for himself and £3 for his clerk as entrance to Tatt's and, before he can raise his voice in supplication, he must pay an additional £6 9s. 6d. for a badge.

It is my personal view that if the Stewards of the Jockey Club had joined their voice to the chorus that reached the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of this crippling tax, there would have been some relief for racegoers. The trouble appears to have been that the Stewards felt their case to be such a good one as to be a foregone conclusion for relief. The result was that they did not make representation—and the tax remains.

It is easy to recall sensational Derby finishes like the win of April the Fifth and Mahmoud. Who can forget the picture of Mahmoud being led in by the Aga Khan, slightly embarrassed by Ras Prince Monolulu on the other side of the grey's head telling the world that he had tipped it?

But since the first Epsom Derby, that arose out of a private match in the then Earl of Derby's lodge on the Downs, was run in 1780, there has never been a greater sensation than was caused by the victory of Running Rein.

Running Rein "walked" the Derby and was only afterwards exposed as a masquerading four-year-old. He was taken away from the course as soon as he could be got under a blanket, and when the authorities called at his quarters the owner rode into the stables on a hack and then rode out again on another hack.

The outgoing hack was Running Rein and he was never seen again. He was destroyed because he was the only living proof that a four-year-old had won the Derby. But dead horses, unlike dead men, tell tales.

The skull was dug up and the age proved by examining the teeth.

This kind of substitution is well-nigh impossible today.

Not that any sort of substitution will be necessary when—but there, I told you before what to back before they yell: "They're off!" and the great silence—fraught with tremendous drama—descends for a few moments on the famous hill at Epsom.

Gordon Richards has won every important race in the Calendar except the Derby. Will he succeed this year?

A "dentist on wheels" visits West Sussex schoolchildren to inspect their teeth and advise on dental care

BRITAIN'S TEETHING TROUBLES

Ninety out of every hundred people in this country have bad teeth. What can we do about it? A doctor suggests three ways of attacking the problem

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

IN 1929 ONLY EIGHT PER CENT of L.C.C. schoolchildren aged five had sound teeth—white strong teeth showing that the child had been well fed. Sixty-three per cent had severe dental caries, showing a definite lack of essential dietetic elements. But nineteen per cent of five-year-olds in 1943 had really sound teeth and only twenty-nine per cent had severe dental caries.

This change is due to improved feeding. School meals, school milk, cod-liver oil for mothers and babies, the cheap milk scheme started in 1934 by the Milk Marketing Board all helped.

The good work was continued by an intelligent war-time food policy and especially by adding calcium to bread, adding vitamins A and D to margarine, and giving expectant mothers and young children priority for milk, fruit juices, and cod-liver oil.

These figures, which I have quoted from Lady May Mellanby, Investigator for the Medical Research Council and Honorary Member of the British Dental Association, show how teeth reflect any dietetic lack there may have been of vitamin D and of calcium and phosphorus.

But the fact remains that the dental health of our people generally is about as bad as it could be. That was said before the second World War and at that time it was no more than a general impression shared by all dentists and health workers. The war gave the dentists a chance to see millions of young men and young women, and the pre-war impression was confirmed by the facts.

Ninety per cent of men between the ages of eighteen and thirty needed dental treatment. For women between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five the figure was eighty-six per cent. On the average, each man or woman needed one extraction and two fillings.

Bad teeth produce more than discomfort. They are responsible for much bad health. We, as a nation, can raise our standard of dental health and so help to prevent a great deal of avoidable illness only if we have a new nation-wide plan for dental health. We must link the dental research workers, the dentists and their auxiliaries, and the public in a clear-cut concerted campaign.

The problem can be stated simply. If ninety out of every hundred people in this country have bad teeth and need dental treatment, it's obvious that the public does not know enough about dental care and about the importance of regular dental inspection. The public must be given all the information that exists—and there is a great deal.

Swamped with Work

Once that happens, our all too few dentists will be swamped with work. We need more dentists and now is the time to start training them. And now is the time to start the research into the prevention of dental disease.

There are three lines of attack then. Three pillars for a dental health plan. Informing the public, increasing the number of dentists, and embarking on large-scale dental research with the emphasis on prevention.

The lines on which dental research is needed are clear.

Diet in relation to dental decay is one line, as shown by Lady Mellanby's figures. Another is the effect of fluorine on teeth. The story of the water in Lake Michigan is interesting. The water in this lake contains no fluorine. Children who drink water from Lake Michigan have twice as much dental decay as children who drink water containing one part of fluorine per million parts of water.

Fluorine in water up to fifty parts per million makes teeth mottled, discoloured and inflamed. No fluorine at all increases the amount of dental decay.

Those are known facts. It would cost, say, £10,000 and take ten men some few years to find out if fluorine in the right quantity added to water in this country would help to reduce dental decay. The men are there and the fluorine is easily available. But nobody seems to think it worth while putting up the £10,000 to find what might be an important answer to a simple problem.

Prevention is the answer to dental decay and every kind of toothache. The means of prevention could be found. And they could be made known if, as a nation, we decided that they should be.

There are 13,000 registered dentists practising in Great Britain. We need twice as many to look after the adult population alone. In the school dental services one dentist, who could look after the teeth of 1,500 children really well, has to deal with 6,000 children. Cambridge has one of the best school dental services in the country, because Cambridge employs one dentist for every 2,000 children.

It takes five years and costs at least £1,000 to train a dentist. The average number of young people taking up the profession each year was 340 before the war, and less than 300 in the war years, whereas it should be at least 900.

How can we provide more dentists?

There are still too many dental students in the Forces. They could, and should, be brought back to their studies immediately.

Now, £1,000 is too high a cost for many families who would like a boy or a girl to enter what is a socially useful profession, providing an interesting career and a reasonable livelihood. No suitable boy or girl should be prevented, through lack of means, from becoming a dentist.

Children of school-leaving age must be attracted to the profession and places must be found for them at the dental schools. This means expanding the five London, seven provincial, and three Scottish dental schools, which would cost about £1½ millions. The schools, the Department of Education, and the Ministry of Labour should tell boys and girls and their parents about the possibilities of dentistry as a career. A wonderful propaganda job has been done recently for the nursing services. The same could be done for dentistry.

For too long dentists have been regarded as doctors' poor relations. Dentistry has grown up into an independent profession, but it still lacks independent status. There should be a Dental Council corresponding to the General Medical Council. Dentistry should be a self-governing profession and no longer under the jurisdiction of the G.M.C.

Salaries reflect status. The gap between medical and dental remuneration is too wide. A captain in the Army Dental Corps—making it the *Royal* Army Dental Corps would help to improve its status—receives less pay than a captain in the R.A.M.C. A school dental officer receives a lower salary than a school medical officer.

As a doctor—perhaps because I am a doctor—I think medical salaries should be higher than dental salaries, but the difference should not be so great as it is today.

Dentists will work in the health centres under Aneurin Bevan's scheme. In that respect it may be said that the first steps are being taken to improve the position.

But there is no scale of pay laid down and no indication as to whether the scheme affects all or only some of the profession.

Our dental health could be vastly improved within, say, ten years by intelligent planning.

And the public must be given the information it needs before the individual man or woman can start tackling personal dental troubles intelligently.

No Cranky Diets

For instance, the improvement among L.C.C. schoolchildren is notable but not enough. More mothers need more information about feeding their families. You can save your children's teeth quite easily. It does not need a cranky diet or any kind of food fads. Mothers will help readily enough once they have been told the how and the why.

The public is still ignorant of the advantages of seeing a dentist regularly, still apathetic about the care of teeth, which should last a lifetime and usually don't. To blame the people for this ignorance and apathy is wrong. The people have not been *told* effectively and repeatedly.

Venereal disease and diphtheria cost the country a great deal less than dental decay. Thanks to intelligent propaganda, few people nowadays are unaware of the need for early treatment of V.D. and for the immunization of children against diphtheria. A similar campaign is needed on the dental front.

A "Radio Dentist" might well save the country as much as it will have to spend if it is to get the dental service it needs.

Free Speech

"HOLDING CIVILIZATION TOGETHER"

Job for mothers—not schools • Here's the model charlady • Married women at work • When names should be suppressed • Flowers in Latin • One way to a happier world • Government is making strides

WHEN SOME YOUTH WRITES to the papers against the threat of peace-time conscription, his letter is followed by replies from people who think that conscription must be continued. In these letters I cannot help noticing the feeling: "I had to go through it, why shouldn't he?" Anyway, these bellicose pacifists can be content with the knowledge that the country's youth is still being conscripted.

Personally, I think if this is the only way we can hold our moth-eaten, patchwork civilization together, then we might as well give up the ghost. Still, I may be prejudiced. I am eighteen—an art student and not a budding young scientist who might be able to make a bigger and better atomic bomb.—L. W. TUCKER, 17 King Street, Devonport, Plymouth.

Going, Going—Caught

WHILE IN THE COUNTRY RECENTLY, I went along to an auction sale at a big house. To my surprise, when some pieces of secondhand furniture came

"Under the hammer"

under the hammer, the auctioneer stopped the bidding at a certain figure and the article went—always to a dealer.

I found that this procedure was quite correct. The goods had controlled prices which must not be exceeded, so the man who hit the ceiling figure first walked away with the prize. The dealers knew this. So do I now, and I have obtained a list of the controlled prices of second-hand furniture—ready for my next auction.—THOMAS BARLOW, Riversdale Road, Collier Row, Romford, Essex.

Lazy Mothers

DURING MY HOLIDAY I have had a "close-up" of the mothers of today. I have not been impressed. These modern mothers keep their children clean and tidily-dressed, but their mental treatment is lacking in tidiness.

Children nowadays seem to get bumped about for small offences, and ignored when they are seriously naughty. The truth is that their mothers are too lazy to trouble about making them into good citizens—they seem to think that is the job of the schools.—F. MOODY, 26 Kettering Road, Broughton, Kettering.

Curtain Clue

MY MOTHER DECIDED to wash the curtains in an upstairs room. She took them down and, while they were still in the washtub, there was a knock on the door and a man asked if the room was to let. What a housing shortage! — G. A. OWEN, 16 Lytton Road, Leytonstone, E.11.

Eighty-Year-Old Treasure

YOUR READERS WILL BE GREEN with envy when they hear about my charlady. She is eighty years old and has the energy of a young woman. She comes to clean my house twice a week for four hours at a time. I pay her a shilling an hour. She "sits in" two evenings a week when the baby is asleep and does all my ironing as she says she "can't bear to be idle."—MRS. Q. NEWCOMBE, Bristol, 6.

Wives Can Work

IN SPITE OF THE MUCH-TALKED-OF shortage of women workers, there is still a great tendency for employers to ignore married women applicants.

Employers should realize that if a married woman has applied for a job she has probably weighed things up first and has made arrangements for the care of her family. She may, therefore, be more reliable than a single girl whose routine is always likely to be changed by marriage.

I speak for myself in this because, being a married woman with one child, I can match my reliability and attendance at my job with any single girl.—Mrs. L. LINDER, 64 Tenterden Drive. N.W.4.

Innocent Victims

I ALWAYS FEEL ANGRY when I see the names of innocent victims of sex maniacs blazoned to the world. It is not generally realized how the stigma of such incidents hangs on throughout life. The victims of blackmail are often allowed to have their names withheld. Why cannot the courts give the same immunity to the victims of physical viciousness who, apart from publicity, must suffer lasting nervous shock.—E. H. F., Cardiff. (Name and address enclosed.)

Science and Politics

THERE ARE MORE and more signs that our scientists are getting out of hand. The atomic bomb has gone to their heads and they are attempting to dabble in politics.

Dr. Nunn May, recently sentenced for disclosing atom secrets, seems typical of many research workers I come across. He may have been wise in the laboratory, but it was dangerous impudence to act on his immature political beliefs.

I think the whole trouble comes from the modern fashion of highly specialized education. Some reading of political science would give our young physicists the understanding necessary to fit their discoveries into the scheme of human life.

At the moment, clever boys with scientific inclinations are encouraged to escape any broad educational background so that they can become freaks in their particular branch of learning. — G. H., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Roses by Other Names

RECENTLY I BECAME A CLERK with a firm of horticulturists. I soon found that all the beautiful names of flowers and shrubs beloved by my father are now out of fashion and Latin names are used for the most homely flowers.

Even rhubarb has now become rheum-hybridum. Let's have the old English names again. But please don't publish *my* name or I may get—whatever is Latin for "the sack."—D., Dorset. (Name and address enclosed.)

Grumbling Age

THE TROUBLE IS it is easy to grumble, but we need practice to think generously, or even neutrally. This is a grumbling age, though we have all probably never been so well pampered.

I believe that if we all really thought generously, we should be well on the way to a sunny, peaceful world.—L. W. COX, 5 Oldhall Avenue, Alvaston, Derby.

Don't Blame Governments

IT IS SURPRISING that you gave such prominence to the recent letter from Don Dibben who railed at the Government for not providing a proper house for his wife, and baby which is coming. Blaming governments is ridiculous. They cannot achieve impossibilities and, granting that they have made "experimental" errors, the present Government is making great strides now.

As for the older people sharing their houses, there are many who have spare rooms but who cannot be expected to give them up. Without this accommodation, married sons and daughters or grandchildren would not be able to pay visits. Grandparents, often lonely people, ought not to be deprived of visits from their dear ones in the few years that remain to them.—J. A. S., Manchester. (Name and address enclosed.)

(Guinea sent to St. Dunstan's as requested)

"L" Cars for Boys

WITH SO MANY GOVERNMENT surplus cars available, it would be a grand idea to give one (or sell one cheaply) to every boys' school.

It would be an instructive and useful object lesson for the boys to have a real car in the playground to take to pieces and put together again.

We do not want every boy to become

"To take to pieces"

a mechanic, but it would be invaluable if every private motorist knew how his machine worked. That would be a help in keeping down road accidents.—J. L., Plymouth. (Name and address enclosed.)

Library Service

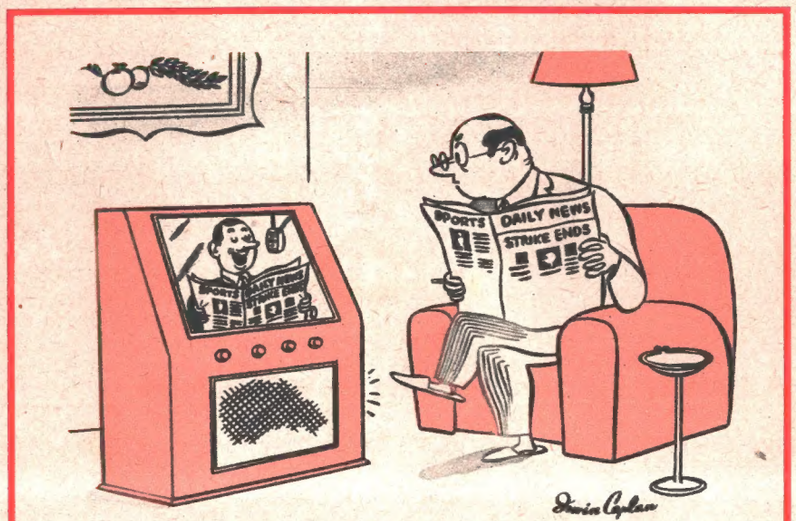
YOUR ARTICLE by John Riches on public libraries is sound and is likely to do a lot of good. May I make two points? Nowadays librarians usually have authority to buy the latest books immediately, without waiting for sanction from their committees.

We also have a very good stock of books catering for the needs of the active citizen. I wonder whether all your readers realize how well the public libraries can satisfy the desire of the ordinary man and woman for information on everyday things like gardening, cookery, sketching or amateur theatricals?—L. R. MCCOLVIN, City of Westminster Librarian, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2.

Gardeners' Corner

"NO FLOWERS BY REQUEST" was a good idea for a war-time gardening plan, and I followed it. But, behind my back, my wife decided on one row of sweet peas for a little bit of colour.

She had read that the deeper the trench, the taller the sweet pea plants would grow, so she dug a couple of feet down and put the seeds at the bottom of the trench. I had to slip over when she was out and put another packet of seeds on top.—WILLIAM MORRIS, 21 Court Farm Estate, Cwmbran, Mon.



"And here is our exclusive last-minute news bulletin"

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Why pay for your holiday?

Holiday prices are going up and up. Yet all that a seaside holiday for two need cost you this year is the trifling entry fee for your *Bullets* coupon below.

Already 118 *Bullets* Holidays have been won in 1946. Now comes another batch of seaside opportunities, each with a goodly pocketful of prize-money. See how this week's Holiday Winners scored — then, noting that owing to Whitsun you have an extra day to win, make sure your coupon is posted by Tuesday, June 11.

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,528

FIRST PRIZE, £500 and Holiday:

J. Abbot, Snr., 43 Nostell Row, Wakefield: **Let's Remember—Struggle "Before This Government"!**

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: A. Frost, "Ploughman's Oak," 38 Coniston Avenue, Headington: **Woman With A Trident—Help With Pitchfork, Holidaymakers!** THIRD PRIZE: £25 and Holiday: J. W. Hendry, 5 York Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport: **Startled The Village—Silkin—Only Admiring View!**

£10 and HOLIDAY WINNERS: B. Brown, 252 Staines Road, Twickenham: **Let's Remember—Courtesy's Cheap—So's Rudeness!** S. Hall, 10 Birtles Road, Orford, Warrington: **Could Be Love—*Auntie* Eloping With Grocer!** J. Jones, 53 Eighth Avenue, Bristol: **Gambling With Pennies—Shillings - Pounds - Shillings - Pence!** A. Lad, Dyffryn Junior School, Mountain Ash: **Not So Fast—British Justice? Difficult "Beating."** J. H. Lynn, 101 West Nile Street, Glasgow: **The Old Guard—Protecting "City"—Endangering "Country"?** J. Morton, 27 Crescent Street, Grimsby: **Your Loaf—Don't Trample Underfoot, Hiker!** J. Pedelty, 72 Bach Church Street, Shildon, Co. Durham: **Thrown Out—"Life-line"? America "Lassoing" Markets!** J. N. Smith, 65 Grasville Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead: **To Speed The Goods—Trains, *Increase* Holiday Traffic!** P. J. Smith, Egypt House, Hadlow, Kent: **Startled The Village—Constable Actually *Riding* Bicycle!** W. Williams, 38 Blanch Street, Williamstown, Rhondda: **Could Be Willie's—But Catalogue Said Picasso's!**

Cash has been posted to 50 winners of £1 and 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

"BULLETS" CHEQUES AND SEASIDE WEEKS

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Prizes For 1,563 Readers.

£250 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; £20 plus Holiday; £15 plus Holiday; 8 Holiday Prizes of £10; 50 of £1; 1,500 New Prizes.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cook's Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

EMPIRE FAMILY
MAKES LIFE SWEET
INTERNATIONAL CRICKET
BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE
BEER FAMINE
SAFETY FIRST, SO
PEDESTRIAN v. MOTORIST
GOOD DEAL
IN CLOVER
WILLING HORSE
TIT FOR TAT
PROPHET OF GLOOM
WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID
UNKIND
SEASIDE ROMANCE

A BIT RUSTY
NERVOUS WRECK
OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM
NOSEY PARKER
IN AUNTIE'S HAND-BAG

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

BABY'S .....
WASTE OF .....
.....FOR THE VISITORS
HOW TO TREAT.....
WITH.....ON
SHOUTING ABOUT.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,532 (or XWORD 484); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

For Holiday Offer "Bulletin" (June 22) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,532 Closing Postmark, TUES., JUNE 11

I agree to rules and enclose

P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit —the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated June 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 480 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Boat. 2, Cried. 6, Jest. 9, Boxers. 11, Din. 12, Fee. 13, Crack. 14, Sack. DOWN: 1, Barter. 3, Rush. 4, Dome. 5, Note. 7, Fodder. 8, Honey. 10, Sneak.

SEVEN competitors submitted set of answers differing at one point only from set of answers above and share £100: B. Bonar, Londonderry; Miss E. Bonar, Londonderry; Miss O. Campbell, Cumnock; L. A. J. Glyde, Barkingside; J. Hardy, Leigh-on-Sea; G. Liggins, Keighley; P. J. Pinfield, Tettenhall.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 69 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes.

XWORD CASH AND CAKES

Up to 100 big 4 lb. Fruit Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Cakes—£100 First and £25 Cash for Runners-up.

Post your Square below by special holiday date—Tuesday, June 11.

Across Clues.

1. Look out for tears when youngsters are in them
4. Usually has a point
5. One may find it very difficult to get shell off
6. Seems to have magical quality
8. Astronomical distances are calculated to
10. At times exposes a man's lack of breeding
11. Flying one often gives wicket-keeper nasty knock
13. Special kind of basket is used for this

Down Clues.

1. They're apt to get darker with passing of time
2. Some people sniff at mention of
3. Those in captivity must be less happy
7. Most people would find it difficult to get one on train
9. Villagers get to know most of these of village shopkeeper
11. Is bound to be strong
12. Bitterly cold weather will make youngster feel like one.

1S		L	K	S	■	2		■	3			
	■	H	E	■	4	A	B	L	E			
A	B	■	N	O	■	I	O	T	A			
5C	O		■	6W		N	D	■	R			
K	A	■	B	E	■	T	E	7S	S			
8S	T		R	■	9				■			
■	M		■	10	A	S	T	E	■			
11B	A		L	■	R	I	D	E	12R			
O	N	■	A	M	E	N	■	P	U			
	■	13	R	E	S	S	484					

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, dispatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated June 22. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, TUES., JUNE 11

484

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Lay your problems on other shoulders. Send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service where our experts are waiting to help you

Furniture Claim

"My wife and children are living with my mother-in-law, and my furniture is stored there. I am living with my parents and want the furniture, but they are unwilling to let me take it away. Shall I have to get an order from a magistrate before I can move it?"

✓ If the furniture is your own property you can claim it and dispose of it as you wish. An order of court is not necessary. If your wife and her mother refuse to let it go, it may be necessary to see a solicitor and take legal action.

House Improvements

"During a period I have spent about £35 on installing electric light and making other improvements to my house. The county council, which owns it, has so far not spent anything on repairs. Now the council wants to do some alterations and has asked me if I am willing to pay an increase in rent.

"Are they entitled to do this? Can I claim for the money I have already spent on the house?"

✓ Council houses are not controlled, and it is quite legitimate to increase the rent to cover cost of repairs. The amount will probably be about eight per cent of the cost. You have no legal claim to the cost of the improvements which you arranged yourself, although the council may take this into consideration when fixing the rent.

Sickness Benefit

"My sister went into a sanatorium early in January. Since then, she has only received a cheque for £1 from her approved society. Surely there is something wrong?"

✓ While your sister is in the sanatorium she is not eligible for insurance, sickness or disablement benefit, although the money may be allowed, partially or in full, at the discretion of her approved society, to provide her with extra comforts, or for the payment of expenses previously incurred, such as rent, insurance premiums, and so on.

Application for benefit for these purposes should be made to the approved society. Any balance of benefit not paid will become payable when she leaves the sanatorium, but this is subject to a maximum of £80.

Car on Premises

"Permission to widen a gateway to admit his car has been asked by the tenant of a house which I own. If I agree, will this affect my assessment?

"Should his car be damaged, for instance, by a falling chimney-pot, could he claim damages from me? Should the property be damaged by his car, could I claim damages from him?"

✓ It is unlikely that your assessment will be increased on account of the slight alteration to the premises. Unless damage to the car were caused by your negligence you would have no liability regarding it. The same applies to the tenant regarding your property. It would be advisable to inform the insurance company.

I suggest that you have an agreement with the tenant.

Money to Australia

"How can I send money to Australia? Is there any limit to the amount?"

✓ Arrangements for sending the money must be made through a bank. Call at your local bank in order to get the sterling exchanged into Australian pounds. There is no limit to the amount which can be remitted.

Repair Shop

"As I own a well-equipped workshop behind my house, I want to take up car repairs. Am I allowed to do this? Can I advertise for work?"

✓ Provided that your proposed business does not constitute a nuisance to neighbours, and provided that your landlord has no objection, there is no reason why you should not begin work and advertise.

If the house is your own property you should see that the deeds do not covenant against using the land for business purposes.

Unpaid Legacy

"Three years ago I was left a legacy of £200 free of tax. So far nothing has been paid because one executor keeps putting the matter off with excuses when he is approached by the other. Is there anything I can do?"

✓ If the executors have not yet proved the will, you may apply for Letters of Administration with the will annexed. It will be necessary to consult a solicitor for this.

If the will has been proved, and the executors have no reasonable excuse for such a long delay, you may sue them for the amount of the legacy.

Travel to Prague

"Can you tell me how to get accommodation for my baby and myself to travel to Prague? My husband is a Czech and is waiting for us over there. I have received no repatriation papers or information about getting there."

✓ Write at once to the Repatriation Department of the Czechoslovak Embassy, 52 Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.1, stating the full details of your case. It is proposed to send a party to Czechoslovakia by train in the near future.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

Send your general queries (except medical) to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

It's good to see a SHINING GRATE

It's good to see the welcome sparkle of a shining grate — and it's so easy to keep the grate bright with Zebo. All you have to do is shake a little Zebo on to a cloth or brush, and apply it to the grate. A quick polish, and the job is done.

ZEBO

for brighter grates

Reckitt & Sons, Hull and London

Need it be a cut in Health?

No! A natural food is available to all which not only adds its own extra nourishment to your meals but *extracts* more goodness from every other food you eat. This is Yestamin Vitamin Yeast, combining proteins (40% to 48%) with a rich supply of B_1 Vitamins, and it can really make all the difference to the health of people who are strained and overtired.

In the News Chronicle, Feb. 11th, 1946, a famous medical man (an expert on food) tells the public "If ever we needed B_1 (Vitamin) it is now . . . as a general nerve tonic . . . and to reduce testiness, intolerance and bad manners." 3 Yestamin tablets taken with every meal give you the needed B_1 Vitamin and in addition supply *all* the other B Vitamins so essential to health. This is why you pay no purchase tax on Yestamin. 100 tablets cost 1/1½, or 300 3/- (a month's supply). NO DRUGS. Get Yestamin to-day at your Chemist.

Yestamin

VITAMIN YEAST * 1/1½ PER 100

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DO YOU KNOW?

1. The art of applying for a situation.
2. When should you write to a stranger—and what you could say.
3. How to write a letter of thanks.
4. What to place on paper when asking a favour.
5. What is the secret of writing a love-letter.
6. How to handle a letter of complaint.
7. How to apologise gracefully in a letter.
8. Things to avoid in letter writing.
9. How to describe an interesting journey or new friends.
10. How to write a letter which a child will treasure.

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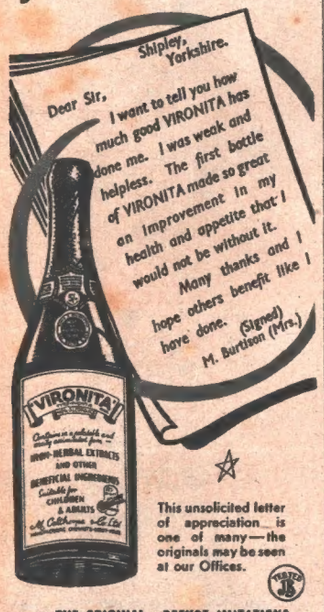
J.V.1 1/6/46

TAKE A TIP from Mrs Burtison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I want to tell you how much good VIRONITA has done me. I was weak and helpless. The first bottle of VIRONITA made so great an improvement in my health and appetite that I would not be without it.
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(Signed)
M. Burtison (Mrs.)
VIRONITA

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